

The Outlook

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An Open Letter from Lyman Abbott to the Doubtful Voter

YOU have not yet decided how to vote on November 5.

You believe, heartily believe, that the popular discontent is not without some justification. You recognize the existence of serious social injustice, and you are as earnestly desirous as any of your neighbors to see that social injustice righted. You do not believe that little children should be robbed of their childhood, and taken from the school and the playground and put into the mine and the factory. You do not believe that mothers should be compelled to leave their children and their homes to eke out the insufficient wages of their husbands. You know that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided, conservative as it is, that the long hours of labor in store and factory, to which young girls have been called by labor conditions, have unfitted them for the high offices of wife and mother, and you believe in protecting them from those too onerous conditions. You are not satisfied to see the Nation grow rich while tens of thousands of its willing workers grow poorer. The mob violence at Lawrence, Massachusetts, has not blinded your eyes to the conditions which excited that mob. You may not have personally suffered any very serious inconvenience from the high prices of living, but you know that some of your fellow-men are less fortunate than yourself, and you would gladly join in any rational movement which promised them relief. You do not believe in monopoly, whether in oil, or coal, or transportation, or land, or anything else. You are alarmed at the growing concentration of power in a few hands, due to great aggregations of capital, even though you do not sympathize with the

bitter denunciations which have been leveled against the men who possess that power. You have seen with increasing irritation the increasing power of the political bosses, and with increasing discouragement the mere transfer, by alternate elections, of political power from the bosses of one party to the bosses of another. You have perhaps tried to do something to right the social injustice, or at least to relieve its victims, by social settlement or other philanthropic work; and to rectify political abuses by sporadic political reforms, or by attending your party primaries, where you have generally found your single vote count for as little as it seems to you to count for in a general election.

But yet you are not quite prepared to join the Progressive party. It is new, inexperienced, untried. It was born only last August as a National party. To intrust it with the destinies of the Nation seems to you somehow extra-hazardous. Most of the men whose counsels you have been accustomed to follow are in one or the other of the old parties. The remedies of the new party seem new, and you are afraid to try so many experiments at once. You do not believe in the present high protective tariff; but a tariff commission is an experiment. You do not believe in social injustice; but labor laws limiting the hours of labor, limiting the liberty of contract, fixing a minimum wage, are an experiment. You do not believe in monopoly; but a Government commission to deprive the great corporations of the power which makes them a monopoly is an experiment. You do not believe in the old political machinery which has transferred political power from the people to the bosses; but direct primaries, refer-

endum, initiative, recall, are experiments. You might be willing to try any one of these experiments. But you hesitate to try them all at once. Had you not better give one or the other of the old parties one more trial, make one more attempt at reform within the party?

I think not. I believe that it is safer to trust the new party than either of the old parties, and here sum up briefly the reasons for this carefully considered judgment.

New problems require new solutions, and our National problems in their present form, if not in their essence, are new. They are four in number:

The Tariff.

Social Justice.

The Trusts.

The Rule of the Bosses.

The Tariff. Neither party professes itself satisfied with the present tariff. The Republican party admits that "some of the existing import duties are too high." The Democratic party proposes to abolish the protective duties altogether and throw the American market open to the world. The Progressive party proposes an immediate downward revision of the tariff based on the report of a non-partisan scientific tariff commission, and aimed to secure protection for the laborer and the consumer. Thus both the Democratic and the Progressive party propose an experiment.

Which of these experiments do you prefer? Whenever the free trade experiment has been tried in this country it has invariably been followed by commercial disaster. It has been tried in England; and the poverty in free-trade England is immeasurably more abject and the discontent more widespread than in this country. The commission experiment has never been tried in this country, but it has been tried in protected Germany, and protected Germany leads the world in industrial development. And the discontent in Germany is political, not industrial. The Progressive tariff proposal is therefore, after all, not an experiment.

Social Justice. The whole country recognizes the need of measures to protect the rights of the common people. This need is recognized in the platform of each of the three great political parties. Contrast their respective remedies. All three would limit the hours of labor for women and children. All three would provide a workman's compensation law. The Republican party adds

protection to wage-earners engaged in dangerous occupations; the Democratic party adds freedom of laborers to form labor unions. The Progressive party approves of all these measures, but adds seven other specified remedial acts: (1) Protection against involuntary unemployment. (2) Minimum wage for workingwomen. (3) One day's rest in seven for all wage-workers. (4) Eight-hour day in all twenty-four-hour industries. (5) Abolition of convict contract system. (6) Social insurance for wage-earners. (7) Industrial education.

Are these experiments? If so, they are experiments which have been tried out in Germany and in Australia, and some of them in some States in the Union, with successful results. They are experiments recommended with substantial unanimity by all experienced workers for the social betterment of their fellow-creatures. The Democratic and the Progressive parties agree in approving and recommending voluntary labor organizations. They differ in this: The Democratic party leaves the workingmen to maintain their rights and interests by labor organizations, which are largely framed and officered for the purpose of giving the laborer a better chance in industrial war. This is the only remedy for the wrongs of wage-earning men which is suggested by the Democratic platform. The Progressive party calls on the Government to define and protect the rights and interests of workingmen, that labor wars may cease, and favors labor organizations to supplement, not to do, the work of government.

The Democratic party trusts to labor wars, the Progressive party trusts to labor laws, to secure social justice for the workingmen of America. Between these two methods which seems to you preferable?

The Trusts. To deal with monopoly the Democratic and Republican parties propose the same experiment—civil suits or criminal prosecutions to dissolve any combination which becomes strong enough to establish a monopoly. The Progressive party proposes to prevent any establishment of monopoly, and for this purpose to maintain "a strong National regulation of inter-State corporations" by "a strong Federal administrative commission of high standing." The Democratic party waits till a monopoly is established, and then fights it. The Progressive party prevents its formation. Both proposals are experiments; both experiments have been tried.

The first experiment has failed. Great combinations have been forbidden by law; they have grown up despite the law; they have been prosecuted; their dissolution has been ordered; they have complied with the order of the courts, and, as a result, the wealth and power of the combinations have become greater than they were before.

The second experiment has succeeded. The Inter-State Commerce Law has forbidden the railways from charging unreasonable prices, and the Inter-State Commerce Commission has prevented them from charging unreasonable prices. The Pure Food Law has forbidden corporations to sell adulterated foods and drugs, and a bureau of the Government has saved the dinner-tables and the sick-beds of the Nation from the robbers of the home. A Federal Eight-Hour Law and Safety Appliances Law has protected workmen when under Federal jurisdiction from the cupidity of contractors and from the carelessness of employers. Monopoly consists in power to fix prices, deteriorate quality, determine labor conditions, destroy rivals. The Democratic-Republican attempt to abolish monopoly by destroying it after it has been formed has signally failed. The Progressive attempt to abolish monopoly by putting all corporations under such administrative control that they cannot fix prices, deteriorate quality, lower wages, or destroy rivals has succeeded whenever it has been tried.

It is between these two experiments that you have to choose in the present election. Which do you prefer?

The Rule of the Bosses. Concerning the rule of the bosses the Republican party is silent and it proposes no remedy. Concerning the rule of the bosses the Democratic party is silent, though it proposes a measure which may be regarded as a partial remedy. The Progressive party declares it to be the first task of the statesman of to-day to destroy the invisible government which sits enthroned behind the ostensible government, and to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics, and for this purpose proposes direct primaries, the short ballot, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. These specific measures are not untried experiments. They have been tried in different forms in different States with varying degrees of success. Nevertheless you regard them as experiments. Suppose they are. Still:

The choice of the voter in this election is between a party which sees no objection to the invisible government which sits enthroned behind the ostensible government, owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people, and a party which challenges the right of that invisible government, and forms the stern resolve to destroy that invisible government and give back the power to the people.

New issues involve new duties. New problems require new solutions. We have not to choose between old paths and new paths. We have come, in our National journey, to a fork in the roads. Both paths are new. We have to choose whether we will have—

A retrial of free trade, or a trial of a scientific, non-partisan tariff.

The pacific protection of the rights and interests of our fellow-men by labor laws, or their self-protection through labor wars.

Lawsuits to dissolve the great combinations after they have become a monopoly, or a Government administrative regulation and control to prevent any monopoly from ever being formed.

The rule of the bosses, with nothing done to destroy it, or a united resolve and definite measures to transfer the power which they now possess to the people from whom they have taken it.

Perhaps you would not hesitate which of these alternatives to take. But you are a little afraid of Mr. Roosevelt. I wonder why. Certainly he is not an experiment. He has been active in American politics for more than a quarter of a century.

As a member of the Civil Service Commission he gave that needed reform new life. During the six years of his Commissionership more than twenty thousand positions for Government employees were taken out of the realm of merely political appointment and added to the classified service to be obtained and retained for merit only. As President of the Board of Police Commissioners of the City of New York, though working under great disadvantages, he introduced a new morale into the police service, and life and property have never been safer than under his administration. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy he did efficient service in preparing the navy for its brilliant record during the Spanish War. As Governor of the State of

New York he reformed the administration of the State canals, strengthened and extended the merit system, was instrumental in securing for New York City its ownership of the subway system, and against vigorous and influential opposition secured a law for the taxation of corporation franchises.

When he returned to America from his African trip in June, 1910, he was perhaps the most popular public man in the world. He had been received in Europe with almost equal enthusiasm in the royal Courts, in the universities, and by the common people, and alike in every country which he visited.

He had an every way creditable record as a soldier. He had won the Nobel Prize as a peacemaker. He had a recognized standing among scientists as a naturalist. He had an honored, if not an eminent, place as a historian.

Under his Administration the National and international difficulties in the way of an Isthmian canal had been overcome, and the Panama Canal was well on its way to completion. By the promptitude of his action he had saved the Nation from serious international complications in a threatened Central American war. He had initiated a policy for the development and conservation of natural resources, for the Government regulation of corporations, and, by the creation of a new Federal department, for the direction and promotion of commerce and labor. He had given the nations of the world a demonstration of our strength by sending our navy around the globe. While these new enterprises had

been initiated, and some of them prosecuted to their consummation, none of the established interests of our Nation had suffered. It is true that he had been accused of disregarding the Constitution, but no specifications had been given. It is true that he had been accused of being reckless, but no interests of the Nation had been imperiled. And, despite some petty jealousies and some personal malignancies, he was given, upon landing upon these shores, a reception rarely if ever before accorded to any private American citizen.

What has he done since to justify doubt either of his honest patriotism or his political capacity?

Nothing but this. He has thrown down the gauntlet of defiance to the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics. He has rallied to his standard men and women who believe with him that to dissolve this unholy alliance is the first task of the statesmanship of the day. The battle will be fought to a finish. What its ultimate result will be I cannot doubt. I am glad, looking back, to remember that I joined the Republican party in its birth and worked under its leaders for justice and the rights of the people even before I was old enough to cast a vote. And I believe that every man and woman, every voter and prospective voter, who takes part with the Progressive party in this battle now will in the future look back with pride upon the fact that he understood the signs of the times and had his share in initiating the campaign for social justice and popular government.

LYMAN ABBOTT.



THE WEEK

The Assault on Mr. Roosevelt and its Causes

The people of the country last week followed from day to day, with an anxiety and sympathy that cannot be overstated, the story of the journey of Mr. Roosevelt from Mercy Hospital at Chicago to his home in Oyster Bay. The reassuring reports of his continued improvement led to the hope, which by the end of the week seemed almost certainty, that Mr. Roosevelt would be able to take some part in the great Progressive campaign rally at Madison Square Garden, New York, the date of which had been changed, to meet the emergency, from October 26 to October 30.

Meanwhile the country is thoroughly aroused to hatred and contempt of the vilification and false accusation which lie at the basis of the crime. No one believes that the man Schrank has a strong or intelligent mind, but it is precisely because such persons become inflamed by newspaper excesses in language that crimes of this nature are possible. That this was the case with Schrank is not a matter of inference but of testimony. We have before us as we write a sworn transcript of the stenographic notes made at Schrank's examination in Milwaukee. Here is one passage:

Q. What did you read in the paper that directed your mind to Mr. Roosevelt?

A. You read a lot of things in the papers and especially in the New York "World;" the New York "World" practically come out that the country is in danger if he has the Chair again.

Q. Did they say anything in particular that centered your attention on this act?

A. No, sir, not at all. Perhaps a million people read it and didn't think anything and I just happened to read the matter over, I was interested from there.

Q. Editorial page?

A. Editorial page.

Q. You remember any particular editorial?

A. No, sir, I do not remember, I could not repeat it.

Q. Well, did you read anything else in any other paper except the "World" that made any impression on you of Mr. Roosevelt?

A. Well, in fact I have been following up all papers of the political views and I have been taking out the "World" as the right thing, she is right the way she talks and one paper I read, the New York "Herald," and she never speaks about Theodore Roosevelt but the third term and she don't mention his name, only the third term.

This shows what kind of newspaper assault impels a man of weak intellect and a brutal temper to a physical assault. That more than one man has been so influenced is shown by the fact, vouched for to The Outlook by one who knows, that since the crime Schrank has received letters from different people who signed their names saying that they were glad of what Schrank had done. But it is not only yellow daily papers which use language provocative of passion. In proof we may quote from two weekly periodicals nominally respectable and supposedly reasonable. "Harper's Weekly" of June 1, last, said editorially: "Mark these words! Roosevelt's election to the Presidency would spell revolution within ten years. And by revolution we do not mean mere political overturning of a system of government. We mean actual warfare by force of arms upon the rule of a despot. We mean bloodshed and carnage." The correspondent who calls our attention to this quotation quotes also a newspaper heading used just after the assault, which shows precisely how just such an assertion as that above might act on such a mind as Schrank's:

ASSASSIN IN FEAR OF A BLOODY WAR

Believed Roosevelt a Menace to Country and thought it his Duty to put Colonel out of the way.

The same outrageous assertion that Mr. Roosevelt might become a tyrant, urging his claims by bloody war, appears in an article in

the New York "Independent" of October 17, written by an ex-Attorney-General of Massachusetts, Mr. Albert E. Pillsbury. In this article, after asserting that it would be difficult to believe anything else than that if Mr. Roosevelt should be defeated he would be crying aloud that he had been cheated of the election, the writer declares that "it needs the addition of but one element to set the stage and furnish all the paraphernalia of a revolution, and that element is supplied by the circumstance that Major-General Leonard Wood, the original creation and bosom companion of Theodore Roosevelt, a man of whose personal characteristics the public knows but little, is in command of the army."



What the Assault Teaches

We have nowhere seen the lessons of personal and newspaper vilification and their consequences so well expressed as in an address by ex-Attorney-General Bonaparte, made the night following the assault on Mr. Roosevelt. We think it eminently worth while to quote at some length from this address: "We all know the American people have been taught by repeated and painful experience that among us, as in all other countries of the civilized world today, there are men of perverted sentiments and feeble intellect ready to conceive a blind, murderous, senseless hatred towards public servants or popular leaders when they hear these charged with imaginary misdeeds or blamed for evils, real or fancied, which they have had no share in causing. The passions of Wilkes Booth, of Guiteau, of Czolgosz, had been inflamed by furious abuse of their several victims before the homicidal purpose developed in their distorted minds; but, so far as I know, there has never been in American history a public man so persistently and so systematically traduced and vilified, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, as Theodore Roosevelt. I do not refer only, or even mainly, to what has happened during the present campaign; nearly all those calumnies about him which some of the most widely read newspapers in the Union have been trying for weeks to bolster up through deceptive headlines, suppression of facts, and all the other time-worn devices of slanderers by trade, are as old as the hills. . . . For ten years at least it has been the deliberate, unbroken purpose of certain interests and of

certain newspapers controlled by these interests to undermine public confidence in Colonel Roosevelt and public respect for him by misquoting or garbling his words, misrepresenting his every act, and always attributing to him the least worthy motives and the most alarming intentions. So far as the general public is concerned, these attempts have been utterly futile; the American people cannot be hoodwinked, like those silly sheep in the fable, which were persuaded by the wolves to send away their watch-dogs; they love and believe in Theodore Roosevelt all the more because of the enemies he has made and of the ways in which these enemies seek to harm him. But it was only a question of time when all these unscrupulous falsehoods, all this virulent abuse, would arouse in some clouded mind, in some heart embittered by disappointment or misery, a purpose of lawless violence towards their object, and, at last, that time has come. Now that it has come, now that the men and the newspapers who have done all they could for years to expose this man to this danger, see him overtaken by it, and their teaching bear its proper fruit, it is not enough, nay, it is no merit at all, for them to join in a chorus of 'So sorry!' 'So shocked!' 'Such a dreadful thing!' 'So awful!' The people ought not to be satisfied, I feel sure the people will not be satisfied, with mere empty lamentations over a result which has been long foreseen, which has been again and again predicted as inevitable if the conditions which caused it should continue unchanged."

Campaign Contributions Perhaps the most striking fact elicited by the so-called investigation of campaign contributions which has been conducted by a Senate Committee during the past few weeks is that while Mr. Parker, in 1904, was making his charges about the collection of contributions on behalf of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign, his own campaign received a contribution from Mr. Thomas F. Ryan of nearly half a million dollars. This fact was discovered through the testimony last week of Mr. Ryan himself. Inasmuch as Mr. Parker's charge was based on the assumption that great contributions put the party under obligations to special interests, this contribution of Mr. Ryan's takes on special significance. Mr. Ryan's connection with great special

interests, such as the Tobacco Trust, is well known. The mere fact that he contributed \$450,000 to Mr. Parker's campaign does not bring any reproach upon Mr. Parker personally; but it does show how irresponsible was the method of campaigning which was used in the attempt to defeat Mr. Roosevelt eight years ago. This lesson has application at this time.



The Popular Vote and the Electoral Vote

Four years ago the total popular vote of all candidates for the Presidency was nearly fifteen million votes. Of these, Taft, the Republican, had over 7,600,000; Bryan, the Democrat, over 6,400,000; Debs, the Socialist, over 400,000; Chafin, the Prohibitionist, over 200,000; Hisgen, the Independent, over 80,000; Watson, the Populist, nearly 30,000; and Gillhaus, the Socialist-Labor candidate, nearly 14,000. Thus Taft won over Bryan by over 1,200,000 votes, and over all candidates by nearly 470,000 votes. So much for the popular vote. The electoral vote is represented by the so-called Electoral College, in which there are as many votes as there are Senators and Representatives from the States. In 1908 there were but 483 votes in the Electoral College. Based upon last year's Reapportionment Act there are now 531 electoral votes: 266 are thus necessary to a choice. The following will be the electoral representation by States for 1912. The States in order are:

New York, with.....	45	votes
Pennsylvania, with.....	38	"
Illinois, with.....	29	"
Ohio, with.....	24	"
Texas, with.....	20	"
Massachusetts and Missouri, each with	18	"
Michigan and Indiana, each with.....	15	"
New Jersey and Georgia, each with...	14	"
California, Iowa, Kentucky, and Wisconsin, each with.....	13	"
Alabama, Minnesota, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, each with	12	"
Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Oklahoma, each with.....	10	"
Arkansas and South Carolina, each with	9	"
Maryland, Nebraska, and West Virginia, each with.....	8	"
Connecticut and Washington, each with	7	"
Colorado, Florida, and Maine, each with.....	6	"
North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, and South Dakota, each with.....	5	"
Idaho, Montana, New Hampshire, Utah, and Vermont, each with....	4	"
Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, New Mexico, and Wyoming, each with.....	3	"

The Presidential Succession

The question has arisen in regard to the electoral vote as to what would take place in case no one of the Presidential candidates received a majority—266—in the Electoral College. The Twelfth Amendment to the Federal Constitution provides that the electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President; that they shall transmit their votes to the President of the United States Senate, who, in the presence of the Senate and the House, shall open the certificates of votes, and the votes shall then be counted. But what if no candidate has a majority of votes?

Then, from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President the votes shall be by States, the representation from each State having one vote, . . . and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice.

And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President . . . then the Vice-President shall act as President, . . . The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.

But suppose neither the House elect a President, nor, this failing, the Senate a Vice-President to act as President. In the event of these failures, there would be no President after March 4. The Federal Constitution gives no authority for any Presidential succession in the event of a failure to elect a President. In 1792, however, Congress provided for the Presidential succession in the case of the death, resignation, removal, or disability of the President and the Vice-President. It passed a law providing that the President of the Senate should act as President, and, if he could not serve, the Speaker of the House of Representatives should act as President. In 1886 a new law took the place of this law and declared that, if the President and Vice-President could not serve, the succession was to fall upon the Cabinet officers in the order of their rank: first, the Secretary of State; second, the Secretary of the Treasury, etc. As Cabinet officers are not appointed for specific terms, and always hold over into

a new Administration until their successors qualify, and if the purpose of the succession act should be applied to an exigency in which there is no President at all, it would seem to come reasonably within the province of the Secretary of State to issue a proclamation convening Congress for the purpose of ordering a new Presidential election.



Mr. Brandeis on Labor and the Trusts

The only speaker on the Democratic side who has been seriously discussing with any definiteness the issues of the campaign on a National scale is Mr. Louis E. Brandeis, of Boston. Mr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, has been content to deal in very wide and indefinite generalizations. Mr. Brandeis, however, in his statement of the Democratic position on the trusts and on social justice, has been more specific than any other speaker who has had a wide hearing. In a series of addresses he has been speaking largely to those who are called "social workers." He has called this a "year of jubilee" because for the first time in a political campaign there has been a recognition of the "true humanities." He expresses his gratitude to the new party for bringing this discussion about. In spite of that fact, he advocates the election of Mr. Wilson. He agrees with the planks of the Progressive platform proposing the prohibition of such things as child labor, night work for women, and conditions of work destructive to health. All these things, however, he regards as negative. On the other hand, what the Progressive party proposes regarding the trusts he thinks will destroy "the possibility of self-help" on the part of working people. He believes that the hope of the working people lies in their labor organizations, and says that the plan of the Progressive party not to restrict the mere size of large business enterprises is dangerous to labor organizations. He holds that there ought to be a measure of equality between the labor organization and the capitalists' organization in their struggle the one with the other, and undertakes to show that the whole tendency of combination in business enterprises is to destroy the labor unions. He cites in particular the Steel Trust, and refers also to the Tobacco Trust, the Beef Trust, and the Smelter Trust. He says that the laws, on account of the interpretation of the courts, cannot adequately protect the

laborers. The laborers must therefore protect themselves. The conclusion he would reach is that the way to deal with business combinations is to keep them from getting large. On the stump he has repeated his statement, in spite of authoritative denials from Progressive leaders, that the Progressive party stands for the regulation of monopoly as distinct from the Democratic proposition of the regulation of competition. We are informed that even after his attention was called to these denials, in one case by means of an editorial statement in *The Outlook*, he has continued his characterization of the Progressive position. Mr. Wilson has also repeatedly said that the Progressive proposal is to regulate monopoly. The only charitable interpretation of these statements is that Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Wilson do not understand the plain and clear language of the Progressive platform. That platform specifically declares as insufferable in a free government the uncontrolled system by which there is placed in the hands of a few men enormous, secret, irresponsible power over the life of the daily citizen. The Progressive party does not propose to regulate or even tolerate monopoly. Mr. Brandeis's plan is to deal with corporations by prosecution in the courts. He refers specifically to the so-called Stanley Bills, which would declare any combination which controls more than thirty per cent of a product to be presumptively in restraint of trade and a monopoly, unless it can prove itself to be otherwise. Mr. Brandeis would depend for justice upon reducing the size of business organizations so that they will not be so strong in their struggle against labor organizations, and then would depend largely upon that struggle between business men and laboring men for securing a fair degree of justice. In other words, Mr. Brandeis seems to look upon industrial war among business competitors and between employers and employees as the normal way by which to secure good results.



The Weakness of the Democratic View

Nothing more definite than Mr. Brandeis's statement of the Democratic position on the trusts has been given unless it is the statement in the Democratic platform in regard to State's rights. Briefly, then, what the country

would have a right to expect of the Democratic party if it came into power would be the reduction of the size of business, the regulation of big combinations by prosecuting them in suits-at-law under a more rigid anti-trust law, and the leaving of any other kind of regulation to the States. The Progressive leaders hold that these three methods would not only be ineffective, but that in so far as they would have any result the result would be hurtful. Attempts to keep business from growing large must necessarily be accompanied by serious business disturbance. Moreover, the proposal to limit the size of a combination to that which controls no more than thirty per cent of a product is at best impracticable. What does thirty per cent of the steel business mean? Does it include iron ore and other ore products, or only the finished products? Would a combination that controlled over thirty per cent of steel rails but less than thirty per cent of steel products be in restraint of trade? Would control of coal mines supplying fuel for steel manufacture be included in the total? Ought these questions to be answered by a court? How could all the possible questions like these be anticipated in a law? In the second place, regulation by suits-at-law has proved futile. The recent illustration in the cases of the Standard Oil Trust and the Tobacco Trust is sufficient to show that courts require evidence, and court methods involve technicalities that make the speedy and prompt control of great business corporations by their means out of the question. In the third place, the Democratic proposal of invoking the powers of the States to deal with great National enterprises seems scarcely credible in view of what the States have done to allow these great corporations uncontrolled power; the State of New Jersey, of which the present Democratic candidate is Governor, is the worst offender of all. If these three methods of reducing the size of combinations, of prosecution by suits-at-law, and of leaving other regulation generally to the States, do not constitute the Democratic proposal, the Democratic candidate and his supporters ought to have made it clear long ago just exactly what they do propose. The Progressive plan has been made perfectly clear. It is stated at length in its platform, and has been repeatedly set forth during the campaign.

The Progressive View

As stated specifically in the National platform, the Progressive party is in favor of labor organizations; but, unlike Mr. Brandeis, it does not believe that the question of justice between employer and employee should be left to be fought out by the labor organization on the one hand and the business corporation on the other. The Progressive party believes that the question of the control of business is a National question; that it cannot be left to the States any more than the question of slavery could have been left to the States. It does not believe that the trust question can be settled by attempts to keep business comparatively small. In its platform the party distinctly says that it has no fear of commercial power. This has been curiously interpreted as a declaration in favor of monopoly. It is no more a declaration in favor of monopoly than Mr. Wilson's statement, in which he says "power in the hands of great business men does not make me apprehensive, unless it springs out of advantages which they have not created for themselves." The Progressive party does not believe in trying to make big business little. It does believe in trying to make little business big, and in regulating all business that needs regulation. It does not believe in trying to control business through the slow, technical methods of the courts. It does believe in regulating business by the prompt and efficient methods which have been used in regulating the railways. There is no danger to labor organizations in the administrative control of industrial corporations; and this has been proved because the same kind of administrative regulation has been applied to railway companies, and the labor organizations on the railways are among the strongest and most useful labor organizations in existence. The Progressive party's plan is definite and specific. Its plank on the subject would occupy more than half a page of *The Outlook*. The party would establish the same kind of Federal Administrative Commission for the regulation of great industrial combinations that now controls the great railway systems. It would give that Commission the power to prevent unfair competition and unfair privileges and those practices which lead to monopoly. It would no more give to that Commission complete discretion in the exercise of its power than it gives such complete discretion to the Commission that controls

the railways. It would supplement the Anti-Trust Law by provisions stating more specifically than is now stated what practices are unfair and monopolistic, and it would keep that law on the statute-books as a guide to that Commission. This view is practically opposed to that which Mr. Wilson has taken, for Mr. Wilson has in public speech expressed a contempt for the expert. One of his journalistic supporters has hinted that Mr. Wilson might favor such an Administrative Commission, but if he should do so it would be entirely inconsistent with the view that he has taken, and with his attacks upon the Progressive plan. Such an Administrative Commission as the Progressive party proposes has been tested in the control of railways, as we have said, and in the control of banks. In each of these two cases, when it was first proposed it met with the same kind of opposition that the Democrats now put forward; but now no public man of any standing would dream of proposing to abolish administrative control for banks or administrative control for railways. It is in general this same method that the Progressives would apply not merely to inter-State business but also to the tariff. By such an Administrative Commission it could be definitely determined whether the tariff schedules were used to swell unearned dividends and promote monopolies. With an Administrative Commission to make public the facts with regard to the effect of the tariff, and with an Administrative Commission to control the operations of great industrial concerns, there would be maintained the advantage of the protective principle and of business co-operation, and there would be eliminated the evils that have grown about a non-regulated competition in tariff favors and in industrial privilege.



A Blow at Police-Protected Crime

By the conviction on the charge of murder in the first degree of Charles Becker, formerly the police lieutenant in charge of the so-called "strong arm" division of the police, the District Attorney of New York City, Mr. Whitman, and his associate, Mr. Moss, have dealt a telling and effective blow against the organized criminal conspiracy which has long existed between New York criminals and the police force. If the murder of the gambler Rosenthal had merely been, as Becker's counsel maintained, the cold-blooded killing of one gambler by

others whose lawlessness he was on the point of exposing, its significance would have been comparatively small, although, even so, it was astounding enough that such a bold murder could be committed in the heart of the city and in a spot all but surrounded by policemen without the immediate arrest of the assassins. But the evidence adduced at Becker's trial, and its acceptance by the jury as truth, sustains the reluctant belief of those who have studied this case and have studied also the defects and dangerous weakness of the New York police system as to collusion between police and criminals. The difficulty of establishing the facts was enormous, because, in the nature of the charge against Becker, the chief evidence against him had to be gained from his accomplices. All the more, therefore, is the victory for justice a triumph, and one which may prove a point of departure in the overthrow of police corruption. In this atrocious crime, as Mr. Moss pointed out in his argument, there were three kinds of murderers involved in one general purpose—first, the "gun men" who actually committed the deed, mere hired assassins who had no personal hatred of Rosenthal; second, the wretched go-betweens who arranged the murder and who may be called the brains of the deed; and, finally, the man who ordered the assassination and who rightly may be called the will back of the deed. The trial incidentally brought out abundant direct evidence against the four men who took part in the killing of Rosenthal, and their trial will follow in due course. The go-betweens who borrowed from Zelig for this crime his "gun men," just as a corrupt nobleman of the Middle Ages might borrow or hire bravos to kill an enemy, have probably saved their skins by turning State's evidence. The heartless and cruel police official who ordered the murder because his former accomplice was about to expose his evil deeds now stands convicted of one of the deepest and foulest crimes defined by the law. The jurymen were evidently convinced that in the main the truth was told by the informer Rose, and that he was sufficiently corroborated by the other witnesses. Briefly, Rose was intimate with Becker, saw him constantly, breakfasted with him repeatedly at his home, and was the agent who collected hush money for Becker from the gamblers. Rose testified flatly that Becker repeatedly urged him to procure the killing of Rosenthal, who was on the point of giving evidence

as to Becker's criminal acts before the Grand Jury. If the story told to the jury is true, Becker not only furnished money to pay for the crime, and repeatedly drove Rose and others forward in arranging the details, but after the crime went to see the body of his victim, and in that presence burst into a foul and profane tirade of abuse of the dead man and exulted in his death. Becker's conviction, whether or not it is sustained on appeal, will be of immense value in the campaign to make New York a clean city.



Mr. Norman Hapgood has resigned the position which he has held for nine years as editor of "Collier's Weekly." Mr. Hapgood has a deservedly high reputation as a journalist and a man of letters, and, in common with thousands of other appreciative readers of that excellent periodical, we regret that "Collier's Weekly" is no longer to have the benefit of his trenchant and fearless pen in its interpretation of public questions. But it is quite clear that Mr. Hapgood does not take all the trenchancy and fearlessness with him in leaving his editorial chair, as will be seen from the following editorial which we reprint in full from this week's issue of "Collier's Weekly:—"

A MAN

Theodore Roosevelt is a fairly close presentment of what this Nation likes to call a *man*. Such faults as fault-finders like ourselves have been able to descry in him are faults of the highly tempered, hasty, and not always reasonable Nation which selected him to govern it. No man probably could have risen so high in American politics and emerged as stainless from his early struggles. No man could have used his power with a larger moral usefulness to his whole people. And we doubt whether any man in history has undertaken late in life as high an unselfish venture in the field of politics as the Bull Moose. It is fortunate that those who value lightly the important things of life—courage, personal honor, and the well-being of those about them, and who guard closely safety, comfort, and their pocketbook—are almost the only Americans cynical enough to disbelieve in the honesty of Theodore Roosevelt's words within five minutes of an attempt upon his life:

Friends, I want to say this about myself: I have too many important things to think about to pay heed or to feel any concern over my own death.

"Collier's" is not so hypercritical that it cannot recognize a man.

Mr. Hapgood has said in newspaper interviews that he resigned from "Collier's

Weekly " at least partly because he feared that the recent appointment of Mr. Patterson, formerly advertising manager, to become general manager of the Collier Publishing House might make the editorial policy of the journal less independent of commercial influences than it has been in the past. But it is very clear from the correspondence which has been made public by Mr. Collier that the immediate cause of Mr. Hapgood's resignation was the publication of the foregoing editorial on Mr. Roosevelt. Indeed, in an interview in the New York "Times" Mr. Hapgood called the editorial, which was written by Mr. Collier himself, "hopelessly commonplace," and adds: "If the office boy had written the editorial I should have rejected it." We do not agree with Mr. Hapgood, and we do not wonder that Mr. Collier did not agree with him when he protested as editor against the publication of the editorial, for, in our judgment, it states in admirable English and with readable terseness plain and exact facts. It has long been known among newspaper men that in the present political campaign Mr. Hapgood's sympathies were with Governor Wilson, while Mr. Collier himself, and Mr. Mark Sullivan, the able associate editor of "Collier's," were strong supporters of the Progressive party under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt. We think it will strengthen "Collier's Weekly" to have its editorial atmosphere cleared by this temporary electrical disturbance, and to have its political convictions thoroughly understood by its readers, as they have not been understood during the last two or three months.



The Balkan War

Why the Balkan War? Why have the Bulgarians captured the city of Kirk-Killiseh ("Forty Churches") and why are they closing in upon Adrianople? Because Turkey has been oppressing the Balkan States: Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece—the last named not really a Balkan State, but included in the number. Hundreds of thousands of Bulgarian, Serb, Montenegrin, and Greek Christians live in Turkey. They have always been oppressed, and lately several hundred of them have been massacred. But the resentment of the Balkan States is not alone against Turkey; it is also against a continuance of perfidious European diplomacy. In 1878, with a view to a settlement of the Balkan question, the European Powers signed

the Treaty of Berlin. Article 23 of that treaty provided for the local government of Turkish provinces, with large autonomy. Despite her promises, Turkey has never put that article into force, and the Powers have practically acquiesced in Turkish oppression, fearing that interference might be interpreted as a first step toward the fulfillment of their selfish, and not their unselfish, ends. Turkey and the Powers have also counted, and not vainly, upon the animosities which have divided the Balkan people. Now, however, they cannot so count; because, for the first time since their liberation from Turkey by the Treaty of Berlin, the Balkan States have been able to sink those animosities, and to be moved by the one thought that their blood-brethren in Turkey are really bound by ties of race and religion, not to the Empire of which they are subjects, but to the several states across the Turkish frontier. This is the great human reason for the present war. And it is this which has made possible the victories already obtained by all four armies—by Bulgaria in her advance on Adrianople; by Servia in the Turkish district called "Old Servia;" by Montenegro in rescuing the Christian Albanians; and, finally, by Greece in bursting through the famous Stone Gates. We have heard much about two of the bonds—race and religion—which unite the Christian races in Turkey to the Balkan States. But we have not heard so much about a third—tradition. We are likely to hear more. The newspapers are now pointing out what an inspiration it must be to the Servian army to capture the country about the field of Kosovo, where in 1389 the Servian Empire perished when engaged in its death struggle with the Turks; it is recalled that throughout the Serb folk-songs a continual prophecy runs that after five centuries have elapsed the Serbs would again go to war and win back their land. Such a tradition also animates the Bulgars as they think of the old Bulgarian Empire of their Czar Simeon, extending beyond the mountain passes through which they are now struggling into the Turkish plains. If this is true of the nations to the north, how much more is it true of Greece, once more winning back, as she did last week, the island of Lemnos, with its memories of Menelaus and Agamemnon, and Mount Olympus itself! But all this is to receive a rude shock. The Turks have really not yet begun to fight, despite the severe losses already sustained. Everywhere pos-

sible the Turks have shown their policy of a masterly retreat in order to draw their enemies as far as possible from bases of supplies and to condense their strength in the open country where their tactics are superior to those of their opponents. This is wise military strategy. Unfortunately, it has been accompanied in some instances, notably on the Servian and Greek borders, by the very thing which led to the present war—massacre of the Christians. As the population of European Turkey is half Christian, and as several million Greeks are scattered throughout Turkey in Asia, a general massacre is feared by the timorous. This fear is, we hope, not justified, but, in any event, the Christian Powers have before them an insistent duty in acquainting the Turkish Government with their feeling in this matter.



The Militant Programme

The English Suffragettes must be distinguished from the English Suffragists, of whom there is a large and influential body, and who have conducted the movement for the extension of the suffrage for women in an orderly and constitutional way. England is not Russia. It is a self-governing country. Women can secure the suffrage whenever they can persuade the English people that they ought to have it. They have a perfectly free field. Miss Millicent Garrett Fawcett contributes a very interesting article to the current number of the "Century Magazine," in which she states very effectively that, while no great emancipating evolution for men has been accomplished without violence, "the women's movement toward freedom did progress, and progress marvelously, for the first half of the nineteenth century till about six years ago without the use of any kind of violence. We shot no one, we exploded no bombs, we destroyed nothing; but we have been building up and creating a new social order in which the women of to-day occupy a wholly different and better place from that occupied by the women of preceding ages." She calls attention to the fact that the universities have been opened; girls' schools made over; medical and legal professions opened; municipal and all other local franchises in Great Britain and her colonies have been won; women have been made eligible for election on local governing bodies; civil service has been opened; mediæval laws modified; all these victories have been won

without violence. She concedes that credit must be given to the "militants" for making the claims of women more widely known, but when they departed from the attitude of suffering violence to using it, they put themselves in the wrong morally. If militancy is renewed, Miss Fawcett predicts the defeat of the suffrage amendment to the Government Reform Bill. She regards the militants as the most dangerous obstacle in the way of the immediate success of the cause of suffrage in England. Meanwhile, Mrs. Pankhurst, the leader of the militant suffragettes, has taken a still more radical position. If newspaper reports are to be trusted, at a suffragette demonstration recently held in London she said: "I incite this meeting to rebellion. Those of you who want to go to the House of Commons and refuse to be sent away, do so. Those who will face party mobs at Cabinet Ministers' meetings, do so. Those who can break windows, break them. Those of you who can still further attack the sacred idol of property so as to make the Government realize that property is as greatly endangered as it was in the days of the Chartists, do so. . . . Our militancy consists in defiance of legal enactments and in attacks upon property. The only limit set is that human life shall be respected." But it is apparently a matter of pure luck that that limit has not been passed. The flinging of a hatchet into the carriage which contained the Prime Minister in Dublin, and the attempt to set fire to the theater, were not attacks on property but on life. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence have declared against the new militant campaign planned by Mrs. Pankhurst, and have left the organization. Beyond doubt the English Government will be compelled in the near future to face some very difficult and painful duties; but the time for treating women who, in a country under such a political system as the English, endeavor to secure political rights by the destruction of the property of innocent persons, with the consideration which has always been accorded to women, is past. Women who voluntarily become lawbreakers ought to be punished as lawbreakers.



Amherst has a new President. It chose Alexander Meiklejohn, Dean of Brown University, and he has now been inducted into his new office. As was fitting,

the October day was serene and the Connecticut River country lay in a blaze of autumnal color. The representatives of more than a hundred universities walked in stately procession and witnessed the delivery of the college charter, seal, and key into the hands of the new President. The addresses on the occasion were notable. President Hyde, of Bowdoin, described "The College President's Job," and President Faunce, of Brown, whose subject was, naturally, "Academic Reciprocity," praised "the Amherst idea" as the broadest interpretation of the word "classical." President Garfield, of Williams, suggested that "educational programmes should be framed with reference to National tendencies," and spoke strongly in favor of a more serious upholding of scholarship. This was also touched upon by President Lowell, of Harvard, who declared that "flowery beds of ease" were out of place in a college. The word "vital" characterized the address of President Meiklejohn. Concerning "freedom of election by the student" in his studies, there are, asserted the new President, "vast ranges of knowledge which have virtually no significance for the purpose of a liberal education, while, on the other hand, there are certain elements so fundamental and vital that without any one of them a liberal education is impossible." As "the college is fundamentally a place of the mind," there must be the kindling of an intellectual enthusiasm for these things as vital and fundamental. Dr. Meiklejohn continued—and his words contain at once a warning and a suggestion to all educators:

A little while ago I heard one of the most prominent citizens of this country speaking of his college days, and he said: "I remember so vividly those few occasions on which the professor would put aside the books and talk like a real man about real things." Oh, the bitterness of those words to the teacher! Our books are not dealing with real things and for the most part we are not real men either, but just old fogies and bookworms. And, to be perfectly frank about the whole matter, I believe that in a large measure our pupils are indifferent to their studies simply because they do not see that they are important. Now, if we really have a vital course of study to present, I believe that this difficulty can in large measure be overcome.

It might be said that in this speech there was added to the "Amherst idea" the Meiklejohn idea—namely, that a college ought to deal with life.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENCY

The country has not taken seriously the outcry against the third term. Nor has any public man of National reputation taken it seriously—except Mr. Bryan.

The argument against a third term is a distrust of the people. It is that they are either not wise enough to know whether they are well served or not strong enough to reject one who does not serve them well.

The framers of the Constitution had more trust in the people than Mr. Bryan has. There were politicians in those days who did not believe that the people were wise or strong enough to choose their own President freely, and they proposed to make the President ineligible for re-election. The framers of the Constitution rejected this proposal, and their conclusion, as reported by Alexander Hamilton ("The Federalist," No. 69), is recorded as follows:

"THAT MAGISTRATE IS TO BE ELECTED FOR FOUR YEARS; AND IS TO BE RE-ELIGIBLE AS OFTEN AS THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES THINK HIM WORTHY OF THEIR CONFIDENCE."

With this conclusion of the framers of the Constitution Alexander Hamilton himself agreed, as is made clear by his words ("The Federalist," No. 72): "Nothing appears more plausible at first sight, nor more ill-founded upon close inspection, than a scheme . . . of continuing the Chief Magistrate in office for a certain time, and then excluding him from it either for a limited period or forever after."

The reasons which led the framers of the Constitution to their conclusion he states at length. The following sentence sums up the argument:

"There is an excess of refinement in the idea of disabling the people to continue in office men who had entitled themselves, in their opinion, to approbation and confidence; the advantages of which are but speculative and equivocal, and are overbalanced by disadvantages far more certain and decisive."

Washington, in a letter to Lafayette written April 28, 1778, affirmed the same conclusion, based upon the same reason:

"There are other points in which opinions would be more likely to vary. As, for instance, on the ineligibility of the same person for President after he should have served a certain course of years. Guarded so effectually as the proposed Constitution is in respect

to the prevention of bribery and undue influence in the choice of President, I confess I differ widely from Mr. Jefferson and you as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that office. . . . I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man who on some great emergency shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public."

Mr. Bryan, and other men less well known, who, in the name of democracy, wish to prevent the people from exercising their free choice, are less democratic than George Washington and the other framers of the Constitution. There is something amusing in this phenomenon: men who fear a broad construction of the Constitution, or an easy amending of the Constitution, in the interest of the people, would engraft upon it an alleged tradition which does not exist, and thus secure a practical amendment to limit the power of the people.

The answer of George Washington and his associates to these counselors of distrust is as complete as it is simple—the people should not disable themselves from continuing in any office, from that of roadmaster to that of President, any servant of theirs for as many terms as he has the people's approbation and confidence.



VOTES FOR WOMEN

The question of woman suffrage is to be submitted to the voters this fall in the following five States: Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Oregon, Arizona. It ought to be submitted to the women, not to the men. Therefore we recommend the man to submit it to the woman. Ask her counsel and vote in her stead.

Are you married? Ask your wife if she would vote for suffrage. If she would, vote for it. If she would not, vote against it. If she is undecided, vote against it. The duty of voting ought not to be imposed on her unless and until she is ready to assume it.

Are you unmarried? Take counsel of some woman whose interests you are bound to serve—mother, sister, friend. Act as her proxy. Vote in her stead.

The chief opposition to woman suffrage does not come from the liquor interests. It does not come from the politicians. It does not come from men who hold to restricted ideas of woman's sphere. It comes from women who find themselves already bearing

all the responsibilities they feel themselves able to bear. The women ought to decide this question. Let some trusted woman decide for you how you shall vote on this subject. Vote as she would vote.



WHEATHEDGE PAPERS

THE ORPHAN

There has been for some time a gypsy encampment upon the stream which flows through the village of Wheathedge. The sanitary conditions of this encampment were very bad, and the doctors in the village thought it perilous to health, and traced some cases of serious disease to the pollution of the stream, produced by the gypsies. Ineffectual attempts were made from time to time to induce the gypsies to introduce some sanitary reforms, and occasional demands were made by individuals in the village for a campaign against the gypsies to drive them from their camping-place. At last it was reported about the village that the gypsies had in their camp a boy of ten or twelve years of age who did not belong to them. It was believed that he had been stolen, and it was currently reported that he was very badly abused. Some investigation was set on foot, with the result that both facts were established—that he was stolen and that he was badly abused. This the village would not endure. A raid was made on the camp; the boy was taken away from the gypsies; and the gypsies themselves were compelled to move away from the vicinity of Wheathedge.

Then the question arose, What should be done with the boy? He was an Italian and could not speak the English language. He had had no education and was unable either to read or write. He was a remarkably bright boy and had in him the making of a fine man, but he had had no training, either social or industrial, to fit him to take care of himself. But naturally he did not entertain this opinion, and objected to being brought under any more thorough and systematic discipline than that to which he had been accustomed in his roving life with the gypsies. The result of this incident has been to create three parties in Wheathedge.

One party urges the authorities to set the boy free immediately. They say that the village never ought to have interfered with the gypsy camp. The maltreatment of the boy by the gypsies was none of its business, and

it is well to attend to one's own business. If the village makes itself his guardian, it will be at considerable expense and involve itself in no end of responsibility. And what can the village hope to get out of it? Even if he grows up to be a self-supporting citizen, his custom never will bring back to the village enough to pay for the cost of his education.

A second party says that this boy should be set free, not because it is not profitable to retain him, but because the village has no right to retain him. He must decide for himself whether he wishes to remain in the village and go to school or whether he desires to take to the road. Liberty is sacred; it is better that he should suffer some misfortunes and be free than that he should be guarded from misfortune and be kept in a state of dependence.

The third party insists that it was well to take this abused boy from the gypsies, who did not know how to take care of him and were maltreating him; that, having taken him from the gypsies, the village has become responsible for his welfare; that it has no right now to set him free and put upon him the responsibility of deciding for himself what he will do; that it is its duty to provide for him an industrial education that he may be able to earn his own living, and such moral and political education as is necessary to make him a self-supporting member of a self-governing community. It is also necessary to teach him the English language. When it has done these things, it should then leave him to decide for himself whether he will remain a citizen of Wheathedge or go elsewhere. The village authorities have no right to put the responsibility of that choice upon him now.

The right decision in this question is important because it affects the honor of Wheathedge; but there is some danger that in this fall election the people of the village will be so much interested in other questions that they will let this question have the go-by.

The Outlook believes that the American war with Spain was not only justified but was greatly to the credit of the American Nation; that we did well to rescue the Filipinos from the despotic government exercised over them by Spain; that, having rescued them from Spain, it is our duty to maintain our sovereignty over them until they have learned a common language, acquired industrial and political education, and so have become able

to decide for themselves intelligently whether they wish to maintain relations with the United States or to be wholly independent; and that the question of their relations to the United States should be left until this work of industrial and political education is completed.



MR. MABIE'S VISIT TO JAPAN

A most interesting and, we believe, valuable extension of the system of exchange in lectureships between different countries is that under which Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie will during the coming winter deliver before the great universities of Japan a series of addresses which will aim to interpret "The American Spirit, Ideals, and Life." Last year Dr. Nitobé, of the Imperial University of Tokyo, was sent by Japan to this country, and his lectures here did much to give American students and thinkers a just conception of the Japanese people, their modes of thought and their aspirations. It is as a return for Dr. Nitobé's visit that the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in co-operation with the Japanese Government, has arranged that Mr. Mabie should deliver in Japan the proposed series of addresses on Western civilization and ideals.

At a farewell dinner given in honor of Mr. Mabie by the Japan Society in New York last week President Butler, of Columbia, who presided, summarized the purpose of this exchange of ideas by saying: "Dr. Mabie is to go out in the footsteps of other Americans, to live in intimate contact with the Japanese, to leave his personality impressed upon them, and to reveal by his acts, words, and attitude the kindness with which the people of the United States view the people of Japan." It is in a true sense, therefore, that Mr. Mabie was repeatedly referred to in the addresses of the speakers at this dinner as "an ambassador of peace." In his response Mr. Mabie laid stress on his feeling that there should be variety and not uniformity among the peoples of the world, that as between the East and the West what is to be hoped for is not identity but unity, and that we might well strive to get an understanding of that discipline which in Japan has been perfected by centuries, of the deep love of the beautiful in Japan, and of that subjection of the individual will to the welfare of the State which together have made Japan so great and so centralized as a nation. Among the speakers of the evening

were included, besides Dr. Butler, Mr. Numano, the Japanese Consul-General; President Finley, of the College of the City of New York; Dr. Henry van Dyke; Dr. Talcott Williams, head of the Columbia School of Journalism, and Mr. Hamilton Holt, of the "Independent;" and it is noteworthy that all of the speakers in one way or another have had an active part in the exchange of lectures between America and other countries, or in establishing the friendly feeling between Japan and America.

As all our readers know, Mr. Mabie is now, and for many years has been, the Associate Editor of *The Outlook*, and on the eve of his departure for this important undertaking his associates (writing, it need not be said, without consulting him) desire most cordially to join in expressing their personal good wishes and affectionate friendship toward him, and to express also their belief that his receptive and friendly attitude of mind and his appreciation of what is best in American life and literature make him peculiarly suited for the task he has now undertaken.



PUTTING ON IMMORTALITY

It would be difficult to call a more convincing or eloquent witness to the mutability of life than the Apostle Paul, one of the heroes of the spiritual romance of the world. His life reads like a sublime fairy story, so great were its transitions of condition, so marvelous was its unfolding. Honored and obeyed as the representative of an elect class, and clothed with the authority of that class, he became an outcast from his own people. The persecutor of a new religion, he became its foremost interpreter and apostle; a teacher of recognized position and of high intellectual power, he spent many months in a dungeon. He was born in the purple, so to speak; he died as the thieves and murderers of his age died.

If experience of change qualifies men to know how mutable life may be and what revolutions it may work in character and career, Paul is certainly one of the foremost witnesses in history. But through all these changes and in the course of these manifold vicissitudes there was no man in the world whose life had greater stability, nor was there one in whom the spirit was more invincible. His feet walked in dark places; but the track of his spirit shines like the day. Living in a

world of change and changing his own aim and spirit in radical ways, the soul of Paul defied change and for two thousand years has defined stability.

Many a man, facing the ceaseless changing of the external world and the persistence of the human spirit, has asked himself, "What does it mean?" Paul answered that question when he said, "This mortal must put on immortality." This was not only the declaration of faith in a life beyond life, but it was also a statement of what goes on in us and about us in this world. We are all putting off the mortal and putting on the immortal; that is the sublime process of life; the purpose for which the world stands. There is no longer any dead matter, as our fathers thought; the whole material world flows like a great Amazon of force through space. There is no present; while one speaks of it it is past. It is sometimes said that it is impossible to step twice into the same stream; it is not even possible to step once into the same stream. Before the foot which touches the surface has buried itself in the water it is another stream. We do not live two days in the same body. The man who rounds out his seventieth year has had seven or eight bodies; and yet, though living in the sweep of this uninterrupted motion, his personality not only survives, but becomes stronger. If he lives with righteousness of brain and hand and with love in his heart, his whole life is a putting off of mortality and a putting on of immortality.

It is in one sense a deeply mystical and elusive process, and in another sense it is the most obvious and the simplest thing in the world. Every man and woman who submits to the discipline of life, and out of temptation gathers strength, out of sorrow peace, and out of work vigor of purpose, and who submits to the discipline of experience, not to resist, but to co-operate and to grow, is always putting off this mortal and putting on immortality. We all see the external process; what we do not always understand is the internal change. But men are beginning to understand it and to recognize the putting off of the mortal and the putting on of the immortal. Until a few years ago, if France had been asked to name the greatest man in her history, she would have answered, "Napoleon;" but when she was asked that question not long ago, she answered, "Pasteur." She had changed her ideals. She chose a man who had rendered great external serv-

ices ; but they were the fruits of a spirit as different from the spirit of Napoleon as the spirit of the teacher, the liberator, and the spiritual leader is different from the spirit of the conqueror. Napoleon worked with perishable things for mortal aims. Pasteur gave himself to the service of humanity. The one destroyed, the other preserved.

It makes very little difference how little capital a man has when he starts the business of life ; it makes all the difference in the world how he uses that capital. There are men of enormous material wealth who have not begun to put on immortality. When Dr. Grenfell went to Labrador he had little money, no buildings, no co-operation. He carried with him only the passion of helpfulness, the desire to teach men how to live in the spirit of Christ. Now that little capital has become immense wealth ; the country is full of his friends, everybody

wants to help him. When he appears in a group of young men, he is like the Pied Piper : they are eager to follow him. All men are born to work ; the idlers are never really born into life, they simply sit on the outside and look on. All men who live work in some fashion ; all women work and suffer. No man or woman has yet escaped the discipline of work or the discipline of sorrow ; and to those who do not see what Paul saw, and what Dr. Grenfell has illustrated in his life, this experience which we call life is a mere round of duties and of toil, a long and hopeless drudgery, or a putting of the cup of pleasure to the lips only to dash it to the ground. But to those who see what Christ came to reveal, and what all the saints and heroes have learned, life is neither hopeless drudgery nor idle pleasure, but a glorious adventure of the spirit ; a putting off of mortality, a putting on of immortality.



FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

THREE ATTITUDES

THE "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia, a well-known popular weekly, has just published three articles by the three principal Presidential candidates. The authors reveal their personal attitudes and they reveal the attitudes of their respective parties.

The question uppermost in the minds of all three writers seems to be : "What is the chief issue of the campaign?" As regards the Progressive party, Mr. Roosevelt says that its social betterment programme is the thing most worthy of attention. What particular things are included in "social betterment"? They are thus recounted in an editorial which we find in the *Missoula, Montana, "Missoulian"* (Prog.) :

In the development of the United States into a great industrial Nation terrible evils have shown themselves. Child labor, the employment of women at less than a living wage, industrial accidents, destitution resulting from these accidents and from preventable disease, involuntary idleness, and a mass of other unwholesome products of modern civilization have begun to menace the country. These fearful problems are recognized only in the Progressive platform.

We do not get this attitude of concern from the articles by President Taft and Governor Wilson. Of course neither of them are opposed to social betterment, but their articles do not reveal Mr. Roosevelt's intensity of feeling. In any event, they would differ from him as to the way in which social and industrial justice should be brought about. For instance, Mr. Taft, referring to the Roosevelt plan of securing social justice by the review of judicial decisions, writes thus :

The recall of judges and judicial decisions is hostile to that form of government which has made the United States the greatest nation in the world, which has fostered liberty, promoted equality of opportunity, and achieved a prosperity beyond the most sanguine dreams of our forefathers. The recall as applied to judges and their decisions would undermine the independence of the judiciary, subject our judges to political influences, and render it futile for the poor and the weak to look to the courts for justice. It should be our constant aim to achieve as complete a separation of the judiciary and politics as we have of Church and State.

Governor Wilson's way would be "to cut privilege absolutely." But Mr. Roosevelt

has his specific proposal. Referring to the now famous decision of the New York State Court of Appeals, that a law providing for a ten-hour working day for women was unconstitutional, Mr. Roosevelt says:

The Court of Appeals said that under their interpretation of the Constitution the small sweatshop keeper or the big factory owner may work haggard women twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours a day if he chooses, and we cannot stop it. Personally I will not submit to any such interpretation of the Constitution, and our proposal is this: When a court decides that we have not the power to do such an act of social and industrial justice as described, then, in decent, law-abiding, orderly fashion, the people shall decide for themselves whether or not the Constitution is to be a defense of vested wrong or a means of permitting the people to work for righteousness. That's all.

Governor Wilson believes that one way to cut privilege would be to cut the tariff, and therefore presents it as the campaign's chief issue. Speaking of the attitude of the other two parties, he says:

They both admit that some of the tariff duties are too high, but they fail to see the principle upon which they must be lowered.

According to Governor Wilson, that principle is:

Every part of the tariff that has afforded a covert to those who have organized monopoly in this country, and have thereby created high prices, shall be cut out as quickly as it can be cut out without risk of business disaster.

But this does not mean a tariff for revenue solely, according to one of Governor Wilson's most eminent interpreters, the New York "Times" (Dem.), for it says:

No one is foolish enough to think that under the Democratic party these lines will be strictly followed. In planning a tariff for revenue, a large measure of protection will remain. Some will be proper and unavoidable, and some will be sneaked in, as it always is.

But the Democratic position is not progressive enough even from the "regular" Republican standpoint, according to Mr. Charles D. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Writing in the New York "American" (Dem.), Mr. Hilles points out the fact that Mr. Wilson says nothing about a Tariff Commission and is necessarily committed to dealing with the tariff in an unscientific and destructive fashion.

As to the strenuousness of the three candidates on the tariff question, the Sioux Falls "Press" (Prog.) sums up as follows:

The tariff must be reduced, of course, and all three candidates indicate that revision down-

ward is their intention if elected. How seriously the candidates take the obligation to revise downward can be fairly judged by examining the platform declarations on the subject. The Roosevelt platform "demands" such revision. The Wilson platform "favors" it, and the Taft platform appears to think something "should be" done. And there you are.

In his "Harper's Weekly" interview President Taft declares that "the trust question and the tariff seem to be the two crucial questions during the present campaign."

In the minds of many the trusts form the campaign's chief issue. In his "Saturday Evening Post" article the President thus defines the Administration's position:

During the less than four years of this Administration twenty-two civil suits and forty-five criminal indictments have been brought under the Anti-Trust Law. It is not surprising that the powerful interests that hitherto have enjoyed immunity from prosecution should employ strenuous and devious methods to create the impression that these prosecutions are ineffective, on the one hand, and certain to destroy the prosperity of the Nation, on the other. The fact remains that the law is now respected and observed, and that whereas in the past the organization of trusts designed to acquire monopolies of the industries in which they were engaged was an almost daily occurrence, none has been organized during the last two years.

In Governor Wilson's recent article the attitude of the Republican and Progressive parties is criticised as an acceptance "of the evil developments" of the trusts on the assumption that it is impossible to prevent monopoly. On the other hand, Mr. Wilson would preserve competition, and, where he could not, would dissolve the trusts. He would proceed against them, under existing law, apparently just as Mr. Taft has done.

"Governor Wilson favors the dissolution of the trusts, he says, and his platform agrees"—to quote again from the Sioux Falls "Press"—"by means of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law with which President Taft has had so much harmless fun." The "Press" adds:

Standard Oil and American Tobacco, both New Jersey trusts, have already been "dissolved" by the Supreme Court of the United States, and both are getting higher prices than ever before in their history and paying greater dividends. These combines, first prosecuted by Roosevelt, later "dissolved" by Taft, have been certified to Governor Wilson as guilty of gross illegal practices, of flagrant violations of the law.

We do not intend to draw the inference that Governor Wilson is a trust man. Rather would we conclude that he simply does not grasp the subject as a practical man. Mr. Wilson has

made many utterances that show him a theorist rather than a practical statesman.

We will, until we are shown to the contrary, assume that Mr. Wilson would be glad to curb the trusts in New Jersey but does not know how. Certain it is that he has at his command a statute providing for the suspension or repeal of the charter of any corporation, and also a statute defining the guilt of trust officers and directors who violate law, and has not employed it.

"Here are the facts," says the Philadelphia "Evening Times" (Prog.):

The Legislature stood: Senate, eleven Republicans, ten Democrats; friendly to Wilson upon all his measures. House, forty-two Democrats, eighteen Republicans; wholly at Wilson's command upon party measures.

He never asked either House or Senate to frame a bill or enact a law regulating the trusts of New Jersey, although some of them had been declared unlawful by the Federal courts.

A bill to regulate the trusts *was introduced* by Senator Colgate, a Republican, whose vote for it, together with the ten Democrats, would have passed it to the Democratic house.

That bill was referred to a committee. The committee strangled it. Governor Wilson's attention *was* called to it and *his assistance asked* in its behalf. He gave no heed.

Those are the facts.

Against them you have Candidate Wilson's excuse.

Would he do in the President's chair?

As Mr. Wilson's position seems thus revealed by his course during his Governorship, the Richmond "Virginian" (Dem.) rises to his defense:

Governor Wilson . . . cannot work miracles. He tried to secure a change in the incorporation laws of the State of New Jersey, and failed. Why? Because the Legislature was controlled by friends of President William Howard Taft and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. . . . In his inaugural address he promised to try to change these laws. On three other occasions he demanded of the Legislature that it enact such legislation.

"Governor Wilson's explanation . . . is one that does not explain," replies the Boston "Journal" (Prog.).

His excuse that this opposition was believed to exist does not explain his own inaction. He was able to force the Legislature, he declares, to secure reforms of election laws. He does not know what would have come of a real, vigorous demand for trust law amendment, for he did not make the test. He must stand or fall on his own action. And his record on trust regulation is a blank.

To sum up on the Trust issue, the New York "Press" (Prog.) speaks as follows:

The Republicans are without definite plan. They have tried "dissolution," and the trusts have laughed as they pocketed enormous gains.

Wilson, for the Democrats, has proposed State regulation. But when he had the chance right at his hand in New Jersey he did not take a step to secure it. How can any one expect him to do more in Washington? In New Jersey he sought to blame the Republican legislators. In the White House he could argue that he considered it work for the States, not for the Federal Government.

Roosevelt's plan will block decisively unwarranted monopoly. Roosevelt would prevent commission of monopolistic abuses under cover and not reached by the present machinery.

To which the Sioux Falls "Press," above quoted, adds:

We already know what a great good the Inter-State Commerce Commission has done in preventing unlawful railroad combinations and adjusting rates fairly for both the public and the railroads. Within the past few months that body has brought express rates down and stopped the dishonesty of express companies. Roosevelt simply proposes to establish a similar commission to deal with trusts. His proposed industrial commission will see to it that the law is obeyed: that prices are fair; that industrial and commercial interests are brought to a recognition of the rights of the people as the railroads and express companies have been compelled to do.

To this should be added a statement which has appeared in the daily press from the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio:

Upon the trust question the policy of the Progressive party commends itself to me more strongly than that of the Democratic party. The Democratic party proposes to maintain and enforce competition by judicial process. The Progressive party proposes to supervise and control combinations of capital by an administrative commission. The one looks toward the dissolution of the trusts, the other toward their regulation by stringent laws enforced by an executive commission.

Clearly such a portentous monopoly as the Steel Trust or the Sugar Trust cannot be permitted to flourish unrestrained, and the formation of such trusts ought to be rigidly supervised by the Government. Equally certain is it that when they begin to assume the character of a monopoly they should pass immediately into the possession or under the control of the Government.

As a result of these three attitudes, the impression is conveyed that the Republicans would leave things as they are, that the Democrats would like to change some things but do not know how, and that the Progressives would like to change some things and do know how.

Through a regrettable inadvertence, a statement on page 300 of The Outlook for October 12 was wrongly attributed to the Milwaukee "Journal."

A WOMAN TO HER FELLOW-CITIZENS

BY MARY ANTIN

AUTHOR OF "THE PROMISED LAND"

Many of us who have been born in America realize less what America means than some of those who have arrived here from another shore and have become American citizens by choice. Mary Antin, who writes these words to her fellow-citizens, knows what is meant when it is said that America is the "golden hope" of the world. Her early home was in Polotzk, Russia. She has known what it is to fear torture. Perhaps such a fear was not a mere idle fancy of a little Jewish girl "within the pale." She has come to America and has written the story of what it means to come out of the Middle Ages into American liberty. She has written that experience in a book called "The Promised Land." That book has made a great impression. Louis D. Brandeis says of it that "it teaches anew the blessings of freedom, and will enkindle the latent patriotism in many a native American." Rabbi Stephen S. Wise calls it "a human document of deep impressiveness." Mary Antin knows, if any one does, what American freedom is, because she knows what it means to be without it. The article printed below is a plea for a great mass of working men and women, who cannot speak for themselves. In it the dumb speak. It is not a party plea, it is a human plea. Some may read it without conviction; few will be able to read it without awakened interest and broadened sympathies.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN I was a school-girl and read in the history books of the stirring times when the Republic was in the making, I envied the little girls who lived in those days, in the midst of heroes and battles and patriotic conspiracies. That I should ever happen on such valiant times I could not hope; for was not the tyrant repulsed, and liberty enthroned in his place? The Republic was finished, perfect from the hand of Washington. There was nothing left on which to exercise my patriotism.

To-day, when I am old enough to smile at my childish notions, I am amazed to find intelligent men and women among my neighbors who appear to entertain just such ideas as I have long outgrown. They talk as if American history ended with our last war, whereas the most superficial survey of the life of the Nation shows that the Republic is still in the making. At this very moment the country is gathering itself together for a leap forward that shall carry it as far again as it was carried by the Revolution, and later by the Civil War.

Because, happily, there is heard no boom of cannon, many of our citizens fail to realize that we are facing a crisis as grave as any we have dealt with in the past. The American people have been taking stock of their political resources, and they find that existing conditions do not tally with the promises of the Constitution. They find the springs of liberty polluted, the machinery of justice clogged. Moreover, they have become aware of the need of many things that the

founders of the Republic did not provide for. And all the alarm and longing born of these discoveries became articulate the other day, when the new political party announced its programme.

The Progressive movement fits easily into a general outline of American history. The War of the Revolution was a fight for political standing-room; the Civil War was a fight for order within our domain; the Progressive movement is a fight for righteousness that shall hallow our heritage of independence and unity. Whoever fails to take sides in such a fight is unworthy of the title of citizen. Whoever is influenced in his choice of a side by selfishness or prejudice or fear ought to forfeit his rights. Whoever, knowing on which side justice is, allies himself with the other, ought to be branded as a traitor.

A great many people who ought to know better have allowed their choice to be confused by the notion that there are several parties to choose from. There are only two parties in this fight: the party that insists on human rights, and the party that is concerned with materialistic quibbles. The latter, to be sure, is split up into two camps, distinguished mainly by the difference between low tariff and high tariff; but, as they are equally bitter in opposing the undivided human-rights party, every loyal citizen who is homesick for the kingdom of God ought to turn his back on both of them.

Complex as are the issues of the present campaign, there has been no lack of authority for the stand taken by the Progressive party

on each and every question involved. An army of statesmen, economists, humanitarians, and men of affairs—each a specialist in his line—have come forward voluntarily to defend every plank of the Progressive platform. If the revered head of a great university expressed an unfavorable opinion of the Progressive leader, a champion was ready at his elbow, one of his own colleagues, to disprove the validity of his criticisms. All over the country men who had stood aloof in previous campaigns—scholars who had been preoccupied with their researches, and happy-go-lucky citizens who thought the country could take care of itself—have surprised their neighbors by taking an active part in the present campaign. A cry has gone out that the State is sick of neglect, and the people, stirred to their hearts, are flocking to her assistance.

Here is the difference between this and other campaigns: that the issues of to-day do not turn exclusively on political theories, with which the layman feels incompetent to deal. Plain questions have been put to the people this time, questions that the plain citizen is competent to answer just because he is a plain citizen. Are you content to be ruled by political bosses, or will you rule yourselves? they are asked. Shall we run this Government for the benefit of the few, or for the benefit of the many? Shall we live for to-day only, or shall we provide for to-morrow's happiness? Have we the courage to put upon our statute-books laws that shall protect all our natural resources, from the forest on the mountain-side to the child in the city street? Have we the sense to put into power men who will do our will in these matters? Democracy or oligarchy, homes or slums, schools or jails—which shall we have?

Any man who has wisdom enough to prefer universal justice to private comfort, and education enough to read and mark a ballot, is competent to answer these questions. The people are answering them by rallying around the Progressive standard. Seeing this impetuous movement, the cautious ones have tried to check it by intimidating questions: "Do you really understand how initiative and referendum will work out? Do you know just how the cost of living is affected by the tariff?" And if the rank and file of voters are unable to give an academic answer to these questions, the cautious citizen declares that they are not competent to vote on the issues of the campaign. He feels safer,

does Mr. Dare-Nothing, to vote under the familiar emblem of one of the two parties that have been taking turns in ignoring the problems that have arisen since the primary questions of liberty and equality were thrashed out in this country. I want to ask my cautious neighbor if he believes that every farmer's son who shouldered a flint-lock in '76 was an expert in political philosophy. Perhaps Mr. Dare-Nothing's great-grandfather asked the farmer's boy, "How do you *know* that all men are born free and equal?" Perhaps he added, out of the fullness of his timidity, "How do you reckon your homestead's going to be safe without no king's soldiers patrolling the country?" And what did the farmer do in the face of such posers? He went and oiled his musket against the coming of the Redcoats.

No! let nobody dare to tell you, Mr. Voter, that you are not fitted to pass on the plain questions of the day because you do not hold a college diploma, or have not completed a course on Wall Street, or have no back-door intimacy with the political patron of your ward. If the common man of '76 was competent to decide the novel question whether the people should be their own rulers, the common man of 1912, who has had a hundred times as much schooling and training and political experience, is quite competent to decide whether the theory of democratic government shall be carried out in practice. Very properly you have listened to the discussions of the wise before making up your mind as to what the country needs and how it is to be obtained. The plain man of '76 did just so. You noticed that estimable authorities disagreed among themselves. You watched to see how they grouped themselves in opposing camps. You attached yourself to that party which attracted the largest number of great-hearted public men and women. These you easily recognized; they are the men and women who have served the people heroically and unselfishly on many occasions that you have in mind. In the camps of the opposition you noticed here and there a fine figure standing out—an honest gentleman, a known patriot, a leader of thought whose opinion you have been accustomed to respect. This puzzled you. "Can it be that the Hon. Mr. So-and-So, that Professor So-and-So, is on the right side, after all?" you asked, for you are a man of conscience, and you hold your vote sacred. And, having listened to all sides

and given heed to every worthy counselor, you threw in your lot with that party which lays more stress on justice than on prosperity, because you in your heart crave for justice.

"What!" cries the cautious one again; "are we to vote from instinct?" From instinct, Mr. Voter! By all means follow your instinct. Instinct is sublimated common sense. Every political speaker you have heard has appealed to your common sense. If you take him at his word, you will be following your instinct. Instinct is the verdict of your ancestors formed in cold blood and issuing through you in the heat of an emergency. If you come of an honest race, you need not be afraid to trust your instinct. After you have taken thought, if your heart inclines decidedly in a certain direction, follow your heart.

I tell my neighbors that I have taken thought on the questions of the day and that my heart inclines decidedly toward the Progressive platform. "Oh, of course!" they smile; "it was to be expected of you. You are a radical." A *radical*! One who goes to the root of every question to be solved! Yes, I am a radical. I want the bosses thrust out as a preliminary to setting up a clean government. I'd rather see the slums torn down than ever so intelligently tinkered. I'm in favor of healthy mothers in place of milk stations. I would eliminate costly consumptive homes by widening city streets and planting trees and insisting on air spaces. My ideal city would supply so many amusement halls and open-air playgrounds and free concerts and single-fare trolley rides that the judge of the children's court and the superintendent of the house of correction would be out of a job. To be sure I am a radical. There isn't a sin or error that I wouldn't pull up by the roots, if I knew how.

To which my cool neighbor replies: "Oh, of course, we all want reforms. If that's being a Progressive, I'm a Progressive too. But you can't improve the country by plunging it into anarchy." Or he may go so far as to say that he believes in the Progressive programme, but—

"Now, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Madame Enthusiast, still, I am obliged to say that I don't like your *leader*."

My leader, thank God! does not depend on my feeble logic for defense. Not a single slur has been cast on him that some unprejudiced judge, equipped with unassailable

proofs, has not shown to be unmerited. In the chorus of his defenders I can pick out the voices of the men and women whom I admire most among all my contemporaries. Nay, more; when I push away the newspaper, and shut myself into my study, where the discussions of the street corner cannot penetrate, there come to me the voices of the great dead, iterating that my leader and his cause are just.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth and it is just scornful . . . of petty calculations and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. . . . That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism.

Who but a man like the Progressive leader was in Emerson's mind when he wrote those words?

That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism.

Now I know what it was that stirred the great heart of America when Theodore Roosevelt, with the assassin's bullet buried in his side, told the people in Milwaukee that he was "ahead of the game, anyhow." It was the essence of heroism in his conduct.

But I am almost sorry I referred to that incident. I don't ask anybody to vote for Roosevelt because he came near dying like Abraham Lincoln. The better reason for electing him is that he has labored for humanity like Lincoln.

There are men of generous nature who cannot withhold their admiration from Roosevelt the man, who yet mistrust Roosevelt the statesman. He disturbs them in their political inertia. They take it that the Constitution has provided everything we can ever need politically, and they will not hear of altering it to suit new conditions. Hear what Edward Everett Hale has to say to them:

It is no fault of the makers of the Constitution that they did not state in advance all the details of duty which would demand our attention a century after their time.

If we are not going to take our great teachers and philosophers at their word, and apply their ideas to actual life, we might as well set fire immediately to all the libraries where their golden sayings are stored. The following words from Emerson's noble appeal to "The

Young American" seem to me to have a personal message to every voter who stands undecided in this the eleventh hour of the campaign :

I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart and be the nobility of this land. In every age of the world there has been a leading nation, . . . whose eminent citizens were willing to stand for the interests of general justice and humanity, at the risk of being called, by the men of the moment, chimerical and fantastic. Which should be that nation but these States?

I am not a suffragist, but I wish I had a vote just this once. I am very jealous for the reputation of these States. I want America to be the leading nation of this age in respect to justice and humanity. All I have of reason and instinct tells me that the first step towards putting this country in advance of other nations is to send a Progressive President to the White House. That is why I wish I had a vote. I'd like to put my mark under the Bull Moose emblem.

Enthusiasm is not argument, I know ; but the measures that argument decides on enthusiasm has to carry out. The Progressive party is strong in both.

Reduced to the simplest terms, the Progressive movement is an attempt to record in our state papers the progress of humanity since the founding of the American Republic. Now the greatest achievements of this interval have been in the accumulation of scientific knowledge. But all this knowledge is useless until it is applied to daily life, both public and private. It is the intention of the Progressive party that our legislators shall be the clerks of the wise men of our time. If the scientists find that heredity and environment are equal factors in shaping a man, then the legislatures shall pass such laws as will insure to every future American the best possible birth and the finest possible nurture. If it is the opinion of experts that deforestation destroys the soil, and so impoverishes the Nation, then not a stick of timber shall be cut without State supervision. The inspiration of the legislatures shall be the laboratory, and not the counting-room. The man of wisdom shall not be elbowed out of the law courts by the man of means. The law of the land, in every instance, shall be the law of nature, in so far as we have ascertained it.

This is the Progressive programme in part. Is there any one who objects to utilizing the brains of the Nation for the happiness of all the people?

The Republican and Democratic leaders also talk of reforms, but what half-hearted measures they propose ! They are not radicals, no ; they don't dare to go to the root of the evils to be treated. And what reason have we to hope that even the little they promise will be carried out by either of them if put in office ? Governor Wilson is undoubtedly as true a patriot as the present generation can boast, but what can he do against the Democratic machine ? He has been accurately described as " a kid glove on Tammany's paw." And Mr. Taft, to refrain from coining a new epigram, is the mate of that glove on the paw of the Republican mascot.

For my faith in Roosevelt I have cited enough authority, I hope. Or, if the testimony of Emerson and Dr. Hale, our predecessors, and Jacob Riis and Oscar Straus and Heber Newton, our contemporaries, is not sufficient to identify Theodore Roosevelt as the leader of leaders, there is still one more sponsor to be called. There is Jane Addams, of Hull House. If Jane Addams says that Roosevelt stands for righteousness, I know that he stands for righteousness. The woman who has succeeded in injecting a little righteousness into the municipal veins of Chicago ought to know a righteous man on sight. The woman who has stood like a rock in opposition to determined politicians, who has fought prejudice and treachery and organized enmity, ought to know how to take the moral measure of a man.

Turn to the other candidates, and we see Wilson supported by Charles Murphy, and Taft supported by William Barnes. Now it may be that Mr. Murphy is a better authority than Jane Addams on such a matter as the tariff—he surely appreciates a wide-open town ; and Mr. Barnes may be more familiar than Miss Addams with questions of currency—he has handled more than his share of it in his time ; but there is considerable evidence that, of the three, Jane Addams has been most intimate with the Ten Commandments. For this reason, if for no other, I would beg every voter who is still in doubt to let Jane Addams's candidate have the benefit of the doubt.

Turning once more from the personnel of the Progressive party to its platform, one is struck by the definiteness with which it treats every subject touched upon. I note, for example, that there is definite provision for

dealing with the problem of immigration. Recently my fellow-citizens all over the country have paid me the compliment of listening to what I had to say concerning America as I found it, when I came here an alien, eighteen years ago. If in these exciting days they can recall what my story was about, they will admit that I am not unqualified to form an opinion on the immigrant problem. I am very sure that it is a bigger problem than most people think, that it affects not only the seaport towns, but every part of the country. Even if the restrictionists should have their way, there will still be thousands upon thousands of aliens pouring in from Europe every year. What effect they will have upon the country will depend largely on the attitude of the Government towards them. If they have hitherto herded in the slums, it is because the Government has allowed them to do so. The immigrant stops in New York because he has not been directed to go anywhere else. That he responds to direction has been recently demonstrated by private philanthropic agencies which have taken the matter in hand. But the United States Government ought not to leave to chance charities a matter of such importance. It is possible to send the immigrant where additional population would be welcome. It is possible to spare him some of the sufferings of transition that undermine his mental and moral strength, and so lessen his value as a citizen. It is possible to hasten his assimilation, for his own and for the country's good. The restrictionists could afford to hold their peace while the

Government tries out a logical method of dealing with the immigrant. It is hardly fair to call immigration a burden before a consistent National effort has been made to turn it into a resource. I call the attention of all naturalized citizens to the fact that the Progressive party is the only one that has any idea of what is due to the immigrant.

My closing word is to the pessimists, the grumblers, of whatever political persuasion. They are fond of dwelling on the mistakes we have made in our political and social life. They do not realize that most of the mistakes are experiments that have failed, and that need not be repeated again. What nation in the world's history has ever tried so many and such vast experiments in so short a time as America? Self-government, separation of Church and State, transcontinental jurisdiction, universal education, amalgamation of races—these are a few of our experiments. Does not the world owe us something for daring so much? And our principal experiment, at least, has not failed. We have realized the dream of the rule of the people. We have proved that for every tyrant democracy has a sword.

Here we are in the year 1912, the 123d year of the Republic, beset with sins that we abhor, grafted on the body politic by the selfishness of a handful of unscrupulous citizens. Are we, then, discouraged? Not in the least. We know that the machinery for National right-doing exists; we have only to set it in motion. We recognized the first whirl of the mighty wheels when Jane Addams rose to second the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt at Chicago.

YOUTH IN AMERICA

BY TERTIUS VAN DYKE

I ask no easy living,
With tithe of love and gold.
This brave world owes me nothing,
Nor shall when life grows cold.

Let some adventure take me
In this forward-looking land,
For my heart is fain of the battle strain,
And the sword leaps in my hand.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE OR THE SALOON

BY EDWARD J. WARD

IF you go to what was Schlitz Beer Garden on Vliet Street in Milwaukee and enter the old beer hall, go up to the bar, and ask for something, you will get a book from the branch public library.

Schlitz Beer Garden is not the only one which has been transformed into a leisure place where entertainment may be had without payment of a wet tax.

What is the explanation? It is not that Milwaukee has *gone* Prohibition; it is simply that music—good music—began to be provided in the public parks. Mr. Schwartz and his family used to go of a summer evening to the beer garden because they wanted to hear the music and they wanted to sit about where they could visit with their neighbors. They wanted the music and the social opportunity so much that they were willing to pay thirty, fifty, eighty cents a family in the purchase of beer to get the music and the sociability.

When the opportunity was established to have the music and the neighborhood gatherings without the necessary expenditure of the thirty, fifty, eighty cents, the Schlitz Beer Garden property became unprofitable and for sale cheap.

To say that the saloon problem can be as easily and speedily solved by the equipment and opening of the public school-house in each district, and its use as a common center of neighborhood gathering for free discussion, for wholesome recreation, for music and entertainment in the evening, is true, provided there can be secured in the service of each community a man who will create in the school-house the same atmosphere of comradeship and, for the weaker ones of the community, fatherly welcome which is the secret of the successful saloon's success.

When Colonel Roosevelt, at the Progressive Party National Convention, was interrupted by a voice from the gallery asking, "How do you stand on the liquor question?" his answer was, "My friend, you should go to school." Whether Colonel Roosevelt intended merely to shut off an interruption or not, the fact is that in these words (taking the term *school* constructively, as including the possible wider uses of the building) was suggested the solution of the liquor problem in this country.

One evening, in the city of Rochester, at a meeting of the Neighborhood Civic Club—*i. e.*, the deliberative organization of the voters of the district—at the West High School Social Center, William Schalber, the Chairman of the Prohibition County Committee, introduced a resolution that the body invite Clinton Howard, a prominent prohibition advocate, who happened to be in the city, to speak on "The Evils of the Saloon" at its next meeting. An amendment was offered that Mr. Joseph Reuter, the President of the Rochester Turnverein, be invited to appear on the same evening to defend the saloon from the attack of Mr. Howard. The motion, as amended, carried. The two men were invited, and both accepted the invitation.

The large audience at the meeting the following week was made up of a small group of ardent Prohibitionists, a small group of equally ardent saloon advocates, and a large majority of citizens who had not taken sides on the question, but came with minds unbiased.

Mr. Howard opened with a bitter attack and catalogue of evils, political, moral, physical, which he attributed to the presence of the saloon in American life. Mr. Reuter followed with an address in which he admitted many of the abuses which Mr. Howard had mentioned, but in which he pointed out in a manner convincing in its sincerity that the saloon now stands as the one institution in which the man of small means may find the indispensable comradeship which the wealthy man finds in his club; and he said that, while society can ill afford the losses which come through drunkenness, society cannot at all afford to get along without the social opportunities to the coming man which the saloon now alone supplies.

In the discussion which followed these two addresses a tendency thrust itself forward which may be expected always to be shown by such neighborhood gatherings of citizens, since they include a minority of people whose minds are already made up and a majority who are without prejudice either way. This was the constructive, what-are-we-going-to-do-about-it attitude; and upon the demonstration with which these men were familiar of the possible attractiveness of the School-House Social Center was based the conclusion of this

discussion, in which both *Mr. Howard* and *Mr. Reuter* agreed, that the practical answer lay in making of the convenient common school-house a place in which men might find the freedom, the *bon camaraderie*, the democracy, of the saloon.

Finley Peter Dunne makes his typically human saloon-keeper, Martin Dooley, say of the project to make the school-house the social center wherein "us proletarians" gather and form "nuclei:" "It's goin' to be bad f'r me bizness, . . . but I'm willin' to make a sacrifice. I'll go mesilf."

This attitude is being shown by more than one big-souled Mr. Dooley in real life.

In one of the cities of Minnesota a public school principal was working to secure for the school-house a motion-picture machine as a part of its equipment for use as a social center. One day he met on the street the keeper of a neighboring saloon, who stopped him with the question, "What are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to get the people in this neighborhood to spend their evenings in the school-house," answered the principal.

"Do you know what that will do to my business?" asked the saloon-keeper.

The principal was a Yankee, and he answered with the question, "What are *you* going to do about it?"

The saloon-keeper put his hand into his pocket, drew out a five-dollar note, and, handing it to the school principal, said: "That's all I can do about it now, but if you do not get enough to buy the machine, let me know. I'm against the prohibition idea and always will be, but I'm for the thing that will make a good place for fellows, especially young fellows, to be evenings, even if it puts me out of business."

The fact is that one of the big supporters of the Social Center Association of America, whose aim is the promotion of the larger uses of the public school-houses as a common center of democracy and wholesome recreation, is a man whose income was de-

rived from the manufacture of whisky. He opposes the negative, he welcomes the constructive, solution of this problem.

My own way to the Social Center idea was by the acquaintance of a workingman who, when I asked him to help in the effort to close the saloons in the town in one of whose churches I was serving, gave back the challenge: "Provide a place where the fellows will be just as free as they are in the saloons, without the headache, and I'm with you. I don't like the booze, but take away the sociability, the man-to-man frankness, the practice of the brotherhood that the church is talking about, which the saloon supplies, leave nothing in its place, and the town will quit being human."

The old name of the saloon was the "public house." The saloon as it is to-day is not a public house; it is a private house, run for private profit with a financial premium upon its intemperate use. The opening of the public school-house, first as a civic headquarters, a common place where the citizens of the district gather, not only to vote upon public questions but to discuss them, the establishment upon this democratic foundation of a neighborhood club with such recreational and loafing equipment as the citizens themselves may desire, with a community-hired man of catholic interest and from-behind leadership on the job—all this will give each district a real public house. And with the opening of this center of more real democracy and truer freedom than a private place can ever offer, indoor saloon properties will be on the market "for sale cheap," as were the outdoor saloon properties (the beer gardens) in Milwaukee.

Moreover, if some of us patronize the saloon, not primarily to find fellowship, but to dull the hurts and relieve the fatigues of bad economic conditions, the use of the school house as "the Senate Chamber of the people" provides ready means by which in working out the economic problem we may use our heads instead of "lose" our heads.

THY BLOW

BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY

Thou smotest a weak thing and laid it low;
It could not rise and smite thee back. And so,
Thou thinkest thou shalt go unsmitten? Know,
The Force Invincible received thy blow!

DOES IT PAY?

ONE WOMAN'S HOME-MAKING EXPERIENCE

AS a rule, the home-making woman does not wish work or care. Her whole attitude toward life is different from her husband's. He looks on work and difficulties as *his* opportunity to show what is in him, while his wife looks on work and troubles as so many stumbling-blocks in her career of personal freedom and social activities.

A man loses his trusted bookkeeper or finds some of the office machinery not running smoothly, and at once he is on his mettle to meet the trouble. A woman loses her nurse or cook, and she is immediately bewailing the servant problem. Yet managing the home is woman's business, as bread winning is the man's.

One of the greatest fallacies of the present day is the slogan of the suffragist, "Woman's work has been taken out of the home; it doesn't pay to do things at home."

When I look back over my housekeeping books of the past twelve years, I am appalled at the increased cost of living, and it is largely on the labor side.

IN 1900 I WAS PAYING

Cook, per month.....	\$20.00
Waitress, per month.....	18.00
Laundress, per day.....	1.25
Seamstress, per day.....	1.25
Outside laundry, per dozen.....	.75
Shirt-waists, each.....	.15-.20
Children's dresses, each.....	.25-.50

IN 1912 I AM PAYING

Cook, per month.....	\$30.00
Waitress, per month.....	25.00
Laundress, per day.....	1.50
Seamstress, per day.....	\$1.50-2.00
Outside laundry, per dozen.....	1.00
Shirt-waists, each.....	.25-.35
Children's dresses, from.....	.50 up

In 1900 two maids did all the work of a fair-sized house. Laundry work was all done by the two maids, except a few starched pieces averaging five dollars per month. The extra work caused by company was well and cheerfully done. We gave small lunches and dinners, with everything cooked and served by our two maids. In the spring and autumn the house-cleaning was done by them, with the help of a man for heavy work.

In 1912 we are living in an apartment with

one less in family. In addition to the increased wages of \$17 per month (which twelve years ago would have paid an extra maid) we sent out \$10 worth of laundry each month. This was an increase of \$22 per month in our labor or service department.

When we give a lunch or dinner now, some part of it must usually be bought—either ice-cream or cake, or whatever happens to be cook's weak point. An extra maid, at \$2 per lunch or \$3 per dinner, must come in to assist the waitress. With the semi-annual cleaning, besides the man for heavy work, we must also engage a woman to come in for those things which the maids declare to be "not their work."

Now this is an average two-maid household. Some women get more work out of maids, others less, but I think all housekeepers will agree that this is a fair statement. The same proportion of *increased* wages—with *less* work—applies equally to the one, four, or eight maid ménage.

Then, too, the complications of modern life and the "doesn't pay" attitude have led us to stop doing many things which a few years ago saved us money.

Ten to twenty years ago each household had its tool-chest and glue-pot. Some one in the family liked tools, and many a broken piece was mended or upholstered seat recovered, while now madam goes to the telephone and calls in carpenter or upholsterer, and another bill is added to the monthly pile. A housekeeper can have the painter mix her a bottle of equal parts of raw linseed oil and turpentine. She can hire a handy man at thirty-five cents an hour and, personally directing his work but without soiling her fair hands, in a few hours will have her furniture shining like new. For this work a professional polisher charges \$5 a day and loiters over his job. A friend of mine last fall paid \$40 to have her mahogany polished. And still you women say it "doesn't pay."

In the good old times many a bit of fine laundering was done by madam's own hands. To wash fine lace or a dainty embroidered bit was a fine art, and one not despised. Now, even where a laundress is kept, how many things must go to the cleaner's! Cur-

tains? Oh, no; Hilda "never does curtains." And those fine centerpieces and lace frills? Oh, no; she is "not a French cleaner." As madam and her daughters could not even launder a pocket-handkerchief, they cannot, of course, be expected to lend a hand, and so the monthly bill at the cleaner's adds many more dollars to the rapidly growing pile.

Then the preserving. In small quantities it is undoubtedly as cheap to buy. But if one uses much of this class of food and deducts the first year's cost of glasses and jars, she will find, on calculating cost of materials, that doing it at home does pay.

On soups, bread, cake, and desserts I have also made careful calculations, and find that they are better and more cheaply made at home. For instance, for a household of six we average a barrel of flour in three months. This covers all our bread, muffins, and biscuits. A barrel of flour costs \$7.50, or \$2.50 per month; add to this a little extra for yeast and baking-powder, and we find an average cost of \$3.25 per month. In buying bread from the bakery we use at least one ten-cent loaf per day, or \$3 per month, and extra rolls and muffins double this expense, making \$6 per month, and sometimes more.

Cake I find much more expensive to buy, and soups also. Ice-cream which we pay 75 cents per quart for I find costs me between 40 and 50 cents to make. Yet women keep on telling us it "doesn't pay." One cook tells me, "My last lady bought all her cake at the Exchange; she said it didn't *pay* to make it," or, "My last lady said it didn't *pay* to bother with freezing ice-cream, it *only* costs seventy-five cents to buy."

And yet the 25 cents on each quart of ice-cream, the doubled bakery bill, the filling out our menu with canned soups, bought preserves, and Exchange cake is what makes the cost of living go higher. To say nothing of the carpenter sauntering (I use the word advisedly) in to do some odd job which takes him one hour of actual time—but, when the bill comes in, they have counted the time he ran in to see what was to be done and the time consumed in his leisurely walk back to the shop for his tools, and we are charged for half a day, four hours at 65 cents an hour, or \$2.60 for our "small job."

Oh, you young housekeepers and you young men about to marry, beware of the leakages! It is the countless *small* items which make housekeeping expensive.

And now I want to speak of this "doesn't pay" attitude in regard to sewing. I know I shall not be popular with many of my sex. If a woman can afford to spend a fair amount on clothes, I most certainly do not advise her to have home-made dresses. Personally I prefer, and think it actual economy, to get a few well-made clothes at a good dress-maker's than to have many home-made ones. It is more of the mending, repairing, and fine sewing of which I wish to speak.

A few years ago a gentlewoman preferred to wear fine, well-mended lace, linen, and stockings rather than cheap things. But now one hears well-reared young girls say, "Oh! I buy cheap stockings and throw them away when the holes come; it doesn't *pay* to mend nowadays," or, "Make shirt-waists at home? No, it doesn't *pay*. I can buy a pretty lace-trimmed waist for three dollars. Now you know I could not make it at home for that." No; it could not be made at home for that price; it would cost:

Seamstress, 1 day.....	\$2.00
2 yards Persian lawn.....	.70
Lace, 6 yards at 20 cents.....	1.20

Making a total of..... \$3.90

But it would last twice as long as the bought waist.

A crepon waist, however, which costs \$10 to buy I have reproduced at home for \$7:

Seamstress, 1½ days.....	\$3.00
2 yards Japanese crepon.....	2.00
Irish lace.....	2.00

Total..... \$7.00

In this case the waist was not only better made, but actually cheaper.

One of the most pathetic things to me in a working-girl's budget published last year was the item of twelve waists at a total cost of twenty-four dollars for one year—probably all tawdry, and all worn out at the end of the year. Allowing that she had no time for making, but understood the care and mending of a good waist, would not six tailor waists at \$3.50 each, or a total of \$21 for the year, have been a better investment? Nowhere is this false idea of its not paying to sew or mend doing more harm than among our working-girls. Who buys the \$1.98 shirt-waist, all lace and embroidery, which tears out in a few washings? Why, the salesgirl, factory girl, and household maid. The very ones who should get the best value for their money are the ones who are caught the

hardest by the cheap, ready-to-wear articles.

The same comparison of figures holds good in underwear as in shirt-waists. The plain lingerie can be reproduced at home for the same price as, or a trifle more than, is charged in the shops, but with finer material and better made. The fancy lingerie can be made much more cheaply at home, as here the hand-work is what costs. In all these items I have counted a seamstress's time; but if a woman can do all, or part, of the sewing herself, she actually saves so much money in labor.

To show how the fine art of darning is neglected, I bought at a sale a fine lace-trimmed child's frock. It had a small ragged tear, and the salesgirl said they would either mend it for the original price, \$25, or let me have it for \$20 if I could get it mended. Ye gods! \$5 for a darn! I carried it home, took out my spool of two hundred cotton, and in half an hour my darn was complete, and \$5 saved.

I am not trying to insist that women shall spend all their time in sewing or household

drudgery. But when I see the strained, anxious faces haunting the bargain-counters, I cannot help wondering whether the same amount of time and thought quietly spent in the sewing-room at home would not show better results.

I also feel that we are going around in a circle in regard to the industrial question. We are told that it "doesn't pay" to do things at home—this creates a demand for factory-made goods—and then we are asked to inspect factories, laundries, and bakeries, and told that we would be horrified if we knew the terrible conditions under which our food and clothing are produced.

If we women can keep homes sweet and attractive for husbands and children, have their food cooked in clean kitchens, their laundry done in light and air, and guarantee that their clothing is not made in sweatshops, does not this pay?

If by our good management we plan our homes so that our husbands do not dread the monthly bills, and so train our daughters that the young men shall not be afraid to marry, will not this pay?

H. P. T.

OUR FRIEND THE "EX"

BY JAMES FORBES

DIRECTOR NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF MENDICANCY

A SOFT-SPOKEN and well-mannered young man, whose card bore a well-known Hungarian name prefixed by the title Baron, came into my office the other day in response to an invitation. He had written me, a total stranger, begging me to do something for him in the way of employment. The young man pleased the eyes, and, what was more, seemed capable of many good things. His references showed that, notwithstanding the physical handicap of a slight limp and the disadvantage of noble birth, he had held some important executive positions in New York. Yet he was at the end of his resources, moral and physical, and was willing to offer his services for the barest wage necessary to sustain life. He had lost an estimable and beautiful young woman of his own race to whom he had been engaged, and who, he passionately declared, united in herself all the attributes necessary to a perfect romance. And why?

Because, fifteen years before, a boy in a strange land, speaking the language imperfectly, unfamiliar with the customs, high-spirited, generous, and trusting to the point of credulity, he had made a terrible mistake. In a city not far from New York, where he had found humble employment, an evil chance threw in his way a wallet containing some three hundred dollars which a careless and suspicious man had left in the dining-room of the boarding-house at which both lived. He admitted that he was tempted in his poverty by the comparative wealth it contained. While he still counted the bills the suspicious man burst into the room, accompanied by a detective whom he had chanced to meet and in whose company he had discovered his loss. The detective, one of the old, unmoral school, eager to get a case for himself, arrested the boy and by insidious advice restrained him from telling the Court the true circumstances. The unhappy lad was sentenced to two years

in State's prison. Finally released, he did not sink into the mire, but, by the force of energy and courage, won first a private secretaryship, and later one executive position after another, each more valuable than the last.

He became a man of some note in the community, and presently his engagement was announced to a well-born and wealthy girl of his own race. The newspapers eagerly printed portraits of the pair, giving the biography of the baron, so far as they knew, and a sketch of his family history.

That publication was the means of striking the death-blow at the man's hopes for happiness and success. An anonymous miscreant identified the title and portrait as belonging to the boy victim of fifteen years before, eagerly imparted the story to that particular newspaper, and soon the jackals of its editorial department were scurrying about to "connect up" the links for a full-page story that would be a real sensation. They succeeded in securing from the prison keepers identification of the photograph and the name, printing all, and by this devilish act crushing the man at a blow.

As I write, the young man is in the position I have already outlined. There is but one thing in his favor: he still has great courage, faith in the efforts of his friends who can at the best secure for him a humble position, and a determination to "win out."

It is not the purpose of this article to dwell upon the cases of men who have been ruined by prison life, but to tell of the men who have refused to be ruined by it, and of some who have actually been regenerated by the discipline of penal life.

There was a foreign-born youth who was habituated from childhood to labor on the farm. His name was Ludwig. He was clownish, inarticulate, but with strong muscles and great physical endurance. On the very day that Ludwig landed in America he stood gaping wonderingly at the entrance of the ferry-house. He had been directed to go to an employment agency on the other side of the river for a job. While he stood there, a man approached leading a horse, and, putting a piece of silver into the young immigrant's hand, directed him in his own language how to lead the horse on to the ferry-boat and take him ashore on the other side and wait until he should meet him. But just as Ludwig got ashore with his charge he was arrested for horse-stealing, and was railroaded

to State's prison for ten years. In prison the lonely, despairing boy found solace in the visits of a good woman who represented a militant religious organization. Presently he expressed himself converted, and, the true facts being made known, through the efforts of his friends a free pardon was issued after the boy had served some five years of his sentence.

The prison had wrought a marvelous change in Ludwig—or possibly it was the religious influence of the woman. In any event, the youth who had entered the dark walls a clown, apparently foreordained to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water only, left that house of suffering a most accomplished carver in wood and ivory. By reason of the underlying stolid endurance of his character he had been able to concentrate upon this developing work, and in the long, silent hours when men of more nervous temperament had gone mad he had put to advantage every minute of spare time, and emerged a master in this particular craft.

The labor union in this special field was found responsive to the human appeal, and Ludwig was admitted to membership and was soon earning a comfortable living as a layer of parquet floors.

Ludwig never lost his grip from the day he left the prison. During the first few years of probationary effort he remained in close touch with those who had been the means of his salvation. In time he married a young woman attached to this same organization, and, after thrifily accumulating a sufficient sum, left the city behind him and is now a prosperous truck farmer with a growing family about him. Owing to the comfortable obscurity of his life, it is not at all likely that his past will ever be raked up.

Ludwig is typical of many upon whom the prison and the world of crime make no real impression.

In Pittsburgh, three years ago, the writer saw a familiar face in the person of a fireman in full uniform who was sitting at the door of a hook and ladder company. The recognition was mutual, though marked by a slight embarrassment on the fireman's part. But comradeship was soon established, and soon Tom Sinclair was telling how he had "squared it," got a job, married, and settled down. Less than three years before, the writer had seen Sinclair in the workshop of a big State penitentiary, where he was about completing a long term for grand larceny.

He had the reputation of being one of the best "dips" and "rock getters" in the country. He was a slave to the "hop," and, like many of his kind, suffered untold miseries when for any reason a "right" guard was unavailable or the girl on the outside failed to make good. One could hardly expect a city fireman to make good in such a trying life unless he were rid of so debasing a habit. But Sinclair stoutly claimed that by will power and prayer he had conquered his attachment for the drug. His appearance bore him out, and I mentally added to the agencies he had mentioned the fact that he was out of the criminal world and no longer consorted with men and women who habitually keyed themselves up by stimulants like opium.

Now it may shock the kid-gloved reformer, but we have to assure him that it was a political boss of the unregenerate type who had given Tom Sinclair his "chance." The boss had been a schoolfellow of the fireman, and, unhampered by civil service regulations, he took it upon himself to put the young fellow who had been "away West" the sort of job that any active, intelligent, and ambitious young man might well covet. Sinclair's fight was the fight against the allurements of "easy living" which men of the pickpocket type so love. It was the fight against the drug habit so common in the Great White Way sphere of life.

Terence McQuaid was the son of an ambitious carpenter who had become an influential police captain. The father's ambition left but little room for personal attention to the boy. But the mother made up for the neglect the boy suffered at the hands of his father. They were now domiciled in a brownstone house with servants and money galore. Unrestrained, the boy drifted from bad to worse in the matter of associates, until the day arrived when all his father's "pull" had to be exerted to save him from State's prison for grand larceny. But long before this the father had driven his "wayward son," as he called him, from the house. But the mother surreptitiously harbored the boy and supplied him with pocket money. Unfortunately for all concerned, the newspapers chronicled the incident of the crime and hinted at the influence of the captain that was used to save him from his deserts. The father, ambitious for preferment in the service, was furious at the implied stain upon his honor, coming at such a time, and harshly destroyed all oppor-

tunity for the mother to help her son as in the past. The inevitable happened. The son was arrested again, this time for a ferocious assault upon a man who taunted him with his former crime and his father's "pull." He found himself deserted, and was sent to a reformatory.

This was the best thing, apparently, that had happened to him in his twenty-four years of life. Bright, capable, and likable, he responded cheerfully to the semi-military discipline of the establishment, became a leader in the band, and soon an expert worker at a new industry, instruction in which had been added in the reformatory workshop by a progressive superintendent.

The day Terence left the reformatory he went to a Western city, entered the employ of a great automobile-making concern, and, owing to the skill acquired in prison, soon became one of its most responsible employees. Before leaving he advised his mother that his salvation lay in keeping away from Broadway and its associations, and that she must not expect to see him for five years. Last Christmas he paid a visit to his mother. He is a strong, wholesome, thoroughly regenerated man. When it was suggested to him in a jocular way that he'd better look out for the dangers of Broadway, he replied quietly that the allurements of the Great White Way had passed as entirely from his consciousness as if they had never been there.

Ernst Schultz was the son of a Prussian financier. Every whim of his youth was indulged. The most conspicuous achievement of his early manhood was to steal from a Russian diplomat his mistress, Alma Nordlingden, one of the most beautiful women in Berlin. The dissipations into which Ernst plunged put too severe a strain upon the purse-strings even of a great Prussian banker. Presently we find him and Alma in London, hiding from the Scotland Yard people and holding on to several satchels crammed with bank notes—nearly two million marks—the plunder of the elder Schultz's banking house.

In less than five years—years of wandering upon the face of the earth—the money was dissipated, squandered in a thousand extravagances, and the couple are located in a squalid furnished-room house in the poorest quarter of the city of New York.

Chance friends interested wealthy relatives in Schultz, who gave him another opportunity. A little later he organized a corporation and styled himself "banker." A measure of

material prosperity followed, but reactions came, and once again Ernst was a fugitive from justice—this time an unsuccessful one. He was captured and sent to State's prison in the Southern State where he had located. Many pitiful letters were sent out from the prison walls, but relatives turned a deaf ear. Stay he must. Here again a prison industry was the making of a man who at forty years of age still prided himself on having never done a stroke of manual labor in his life. In a mechanical department of the prison Schultz was put to work. Here he found opportunity for the development of a certain aptitude which he had never known he possessed. He was very clever at mechanics, and soon acquired great skill. Further than this, he took a deep, almost affectionate interest in his work. By it he seemed to be revolutionized morally and mentally.

Once more a free man, he succeeded, after many and disheartening obstacles surmounted, in establishing himself in connection with a machine industry. In such good measure has he "made good" as a high-class mechanic—now running a shop of his own and employing a considerable number of persons—that he is in comparatively easy circumstances. Those who knew Schultz as a young man would find it impossible to recognize in the man of dignified bearing the dashing blade of Berlin's night life. Those who knew him in his former American days when, under the influence of absinthe, he used to grow inspired with mad financial schemes—all completely unmoral—would never recognize in the respectable middle-aged business man the wild-cat and dishonest banker.

Among the most difficult of these human problems is the rather finely bred, feminist type of young man who steals to supply himself with good clothing, good eating, and good surroundings. These youths are only too common in our prison population to-day, which means that a very much larger percentage exists outside, since it is the exceptionally unfortunate man who goes to prison. This fellow is largely the victim to the get-rich-quick charged air which is so vicious. The infection seizes him and he succumbs. He is especially pat to fall where he has inherited over-refined and delicate susceptibilities, which render contact with the rougher sides of life something to be avoided at any cost.

But this man is not intrinsically vicious. He requires to be "kicked" into hard work and kept there until his muscles harden and

he gets the cigarette poison out of his blood. His regeneration is worth while, although at times more from an economic than from a spiritual standpoint. Here is a case in point.

A young man graduated from a pretentious college, through which he had worked his way. Securing a position in which he was brought into contact with the wealthy, he had little difficulty in applying the secret methods of stealing which his intelligence showed him were easy for one employed in a confidential capacity. His salary was small, his tastes expensive. In fact, his tailor bills alone accounted for all that he earned. By stealings through forgery and the abstraction of cash donations to the educational institution which employed him, he paid his other expenses. He was detected at last, and tearfully pleaded for another chance. This was afforded him, but it proved to be only another chance for him to pit his predatory genius against the good-natured and tolerant board of directors. At last the crash came again, and this young man declared himself deserving of punishment, and suggested that he be put in a correctional institution, as such a course might help him to gain moral strength to fight the impulses which he claimed he had yielded to ever since childhood. "I never entered any employ or established relations with any individual or institution but that I immediately and instinctively gauged the opportunities for secret thieving," were his exact words.

The accommodating board of directors got for him a brief term in the penitentiary. Here he was coddled because of the influences behind him, and he was given a post as warden's secretary. He was visited from time to time by well-meaning sons of wealthy directors, and came to regard himself as a person of considerable consequence. "A very complex case," he used to say. His ego suffered no diminution by this so-called punishment, but it did effectually break the obsession to steal which had held him. And to-day, thanks to the helping hand of wealthy friends, he is earning an honest living as a traveling salesman, though psychologically one feels that his regeneration is more material than spiritual.

The case of a clever young American youth whom I know is typical of the betrayals that ex-prisoners have to contend with—the tendency in debased human nature to drag down to the level of the "gang" any individual who tries to get away from old asso-

ciations. This youth was an expert book-keeper and cashier for a large commission house in New York. He was married, had two children, and got along very comfortably on the moderate salary he drew. But, being a likable young fellow, he was patronized by buyers, salesmen, and others of expensive and dubious tastes. In time the attraction of a misnamed sporting life got hold of him. He became known in the high-priced restaurants and in the night life along Broadway. To be brief, he wound up by stealing many thousands of dollars from his firm in the three or four years which elapsed before detection. He was sent to prison, whereas in this enlightened age he should have been paroled and compelled to support his family. However, he came out resolved to redeem himself.

He accepted humble employment, and, thanks to the loyalty of his wife, succeeded in re-establishing his home in a modest way. Step by step he won his way back in six years to an important commercial position. But, by an evil chance, a fellow-prisoner with himself learned of his success and began to blackmail him. When, in desperation, the poor fellow refused to be bled further, the blackmailer wrote letters to his employer, who dismissed him. Fortunately for our Nation's conscience, employers of this sort are growing fewer daily.

But for this unfortunate man the whole desperate struggle had to be begun over again. And, while he did not lack courage, it drove him almost to madness to witness the deprivations forced upon his wife and children. It is needless to give the details of his sufferings and struggles here. It is enough to add that courage, loyalty, and perseverance have again triumphed, and, though it took seven years for the second climb, he is to-day holding an important position with a large corporation, and in all human probability his lapse is buried for all time.

The burden of the ex-prisoner is heavy enough, yet the outlook for him grows more hopeful day by day. Awakened social conscience is fast leavening our whole course of criminal procedure. A few enlightened judges, prison directors, police chiefs, and district attorneys have set the pace. More and more the ex-prisoner finds men "on the outside" willing to give him a square deal. He who knows may find friends in most of

our large cities to-day. Astonishing instances multiply of the redeeming of men by their own steadfast fortitude and perseverance, and the co-operation of individuals and employers. In banks, railway and steamship offices the ex-prisoner is to be found. Many good people believe, or pretend to believe, that the wicked labor unions are eager to impose upon the released prisoner the intolerable torment of idleness. Nothing could be further from the truth. In machine shop, foundry, and factory generally he is employed in positions of all grades. The attitude of all men of affairs towards the ex-prisoner is changing. Many institutions make a specialty of helping him. But, as a matter of fact, most ex-prisoners who get on to their feet do so by their own efforts, shunning the various prisoners' associations and prisoners' aid societies as resolutely as the self-respecting poor shun the big charitable agencies. There is, however, a large field of effort open in behalf of the exceptional man who, because of some inherent defect, cannot get back into the normal relation to things through his own efforts, yet earnestly desires to abandon crime.

Such a man is handled about as follows: John Doe, released from Auburn, Concord, Rahway, or any other penitentiary, has heard among his fellow-prisoners or from some well-disposed warden or guard that our Association wants to help him. He shambles into our office and makes a shambling request for work. I say shambling, because John Doe feels thoroughly ashamed of the ill-fitting prison suit which he wears. Such a suit always has a certain sinister individuality which simply "screams" of the prison, as though it were a sentient thing, eager to betray the wearer to his downfall. Usually it is a product of corrupt alliance between rascally contractor and thieving politician, and has cost the State the equal of the best broadcloth. The color of this suit is the worst thing about it—a peculiar shade of black with a hideous suggestion of dull green, and it has a woolly sort of finish. I never saw anybody else wearing anything else like it. John Doe knows, too, that the pallor of his face shows recent intimacy with the prison. In spite of himself, he betrays timidity, nervousness, the natural results of the unnatural repression to which he has been subjected. But he wants work. That is the encouraging feature.

The first thing usually is to get rid of the prison suit, not alone because of the intrinsic horror of that article, but because of its

depressing psychological influence on the man. The mere offer of other clothing will often win his confidence. It makes him feel that he has a friend who understands. This must be followed by immediately providing in a decent measure for his necessities. For there is no man in the world so poor as the ex-prisoner. While the canvass of the group of business men—at the best a small one—which will employ such men is going on, John Doe must be taken care of. He must not be turned out upon the street with only a meal ticket and the guarantee of a few nights' lodgings. He must have money in his pocket—not enough to lead him into temptation, but enough to help him get over the terrible feeling of being "different" from other men. Having been provided for in one of the Mills Hotels or in a decent boarding-house, he must, in addition, have money enough for car-fares, laundry, shaving, shine, newspapers, and the little incidentals which crop up and the dealing with which makes him feel like a normal human being. This is especially true of men who have suffered long imprisonment. Throughout the whole preliminary period the feeling of personal interest in and sympathy for Doe must be carefully cultivated. It is not advisable to go deeply into his past. It often happens, however, that, the terrible repression of the prison being removed, such men seek the opportunity to talk freely to those whom they can trust. Often a considerable time passes before employment can be found for John Doe, and there is no getting away from the fact that he must be maintained in spirit as well as in purse during that period.

Eventually we succeed in placing all such men as stick by us in some position, assisted as we are by the merchants, even though such places be humble ones. They prove to be stepping-stones by which Doe definitely establishes a barrier between himself and the prison. With such a position as a reference, the ex-prisoner steps forward into more lucrative and agreeable employment.

The positions secured for prisoners are to a degree a matter of capacity and previous experience. They usually go back to their own calling; even bank clerks who have violated their trust return to the field of finance. In our work we are careful to remove any suggestion of prison flavor. For example, in our reports we do not say that we have placed so many ex-convicts, but that we have placed so many bookkeepers, clerks, salesmen, mechanics, porters, etc. Where it has

been necessary for the men to carry union cards, we have found that the union is brotherly and sympathetic—in some cases the officials of the union making themselves personally responsible for the good behavior of the new member. This means a good spirit and sacrifice on behalf of the unions and their members, for always there is a long waiting list of men in good standing and a perfectly understandable prejudice against an increase of membership while such conditions exist. Occasionally our men have been placed in positions in which it would be necessary to provide bonds because of their handling money—not because they are ex-prisoners, but because such positions are bonded in any event. It is creditable to human nature that men and women able to shoulder the financial burdens involved through giving such bonds have not hesitated to do so in these particular cases, and have had no cause to regret their act.

Some of our men drop out from time to time before they are placed. But we try to keep in touch with them, and it usually develops that they have found employment through their own efforts or the efforts of friends or relatives. Sometimes it happens that the impulse to resume criminal activities is too strong to be successfully fought. But the percentage of relapsed men is small.

In order to strengthen the work further by enlarging its social side and appealing still more to the individual man, our Association has opened a branch called "Stepping-Stone House," which in some sides of its work will be zealously devoted to the helping of ex-prisoners. However, it will not be a work for ex-prisoners solely, but will be designed to avoid the taint which fastens, in the prisoner's mind, to all social efforts of the mission, home, shelter, rescue order of things.

Many of our applicants are not men just out of prison, but the "old-timers" getting on in years and unable to keep up the criminal life, even if desirous of doing so. To help such men permanently is a very difficult proposition. Their immediate wants may be supplied, and temporary employment found for them. But, in the end, the truest charity seems to be to get them admission to some home for the aged, where their past is obliterated among the many poor folk there awaiting the end. Quite a number of the more promising men, however, are those who come direct from the prison gates, sometimes with written introductions from wardens who

believe in practical work for prisoners and who are many of them men of good instincts, earnestly desirous of bettering their charges.

On the whole, it is the system more than the men that is at fault in the administration of American prisons. It has been a scandal for years that the low wages paid prison guards and keepers are such that periodically reformers or charlatans, as the case may be, are enabled to make capital out of the illicit trading in supplies from outside the walls by guards among the prisoners. Slowly the trend of things is for the better. In many States the barbaric hair-cropping is now a thing of the past, and the hideous lock-step is fast sharing a similar fate. This fact leaves the prisoner in a much better condition of manhood and reliance with which to face the world when he gets out.

We handle about twenty a week, old-timers and all, and, as I have said, it is encouraging that the younger men eventually can be placed.

Unfortunately, there is no law providing

for the helping of ex-prisoners, even when proved innocent and wrongfully punished. One of the most conspicuous and deplorable cases that would be avoided under such a beneficent law, or to a degree atoned for at least, was that of Andrew Roth. Roth was a Slavic workman. He was charged with murder, convicted, and sent up for life. When he had been in prison twenty years, another man confessed the crime and Roth was liberated and cast out upon an apparently unfeeling world. The Legislature of Pennsylvania would have passed an act indemnifying the man, but it was found that such a proceeding would be unconstitutional. Then it was reported that Mr. Carnegie had pensioned Roth. Later it was reported that this was not the case. The unfortunate man, broken by the long prison life, found it impossible to secure employment, and actually went back to the prison office and tearfully implored the warden to receive him again into a servitude which at least guaranteed shelter and food of a kind.

THE ABBÉ'S ROSES

TRANSLATED BY ALLIS JACKSON AND H. TWITCHELL
FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY CHANTEPLEURE

AS the sun was sinking in the west, depicting the glory of God in long lines of gold on meadow and hill, Abbé Cyrille peacefully sprinkled the roses in the garden of the presbytery.

He was a frail, gentle little man, so frail that the outlines of his figure were quite lost in the folds of his cassock, so full of loving kindness that in Fontanettes, his parish, he was venerated as a saint, and one look from him calmed anger and assuaged sorrow.

He loved his humble peasants of Fontanettes; he loved his house and its blooming garden; he loved the church with its delicate tracery—in fact, in his adoration of God he attached himself to the multitude of God's creatures.

On this June evening the fragrance of the flowers, the magnificence of the rays flaming in the west, so filled his soul with exultation and gratitude that, as he drenched the plants with showers of fresh water, he began reverently to murmur, in homage to the Eternal

Giver of so many blessings, the beautiful canticle of St. Francis of Assisi:

"Praise the Lord for all things, especially for our brother the Sun, who gives us the light of day. Praise the Lord for our mother the Earth, who sustains and nourishes us, who gives us fruits of many kinds and the many-hued plants and flowers."

At a time long past, when he had no thought of becoming a priest, Jean-Cyrille Morel had passed through a terrible ordeal. Thus it was that, far in advance of winter, the snow had fallen upon his locks. Often he saw himself as he was in the days of his youth, full of hope and confidence. It was then that he went to Paris to seek employment suited to his modest tastes. He had presented himself at the office of the commercial house to which he had been given a letter of recommendation. While waiting alone in the room into which he had been ushered, a young man, presumably an employee, had entered, a pen behind his ear, a bundle of papers in his hand. He had not

noticed the humble solicitor who sat back in the shadows. Ah! when the Curé of Fontanettes thought of this trivial incident he trembled to the very marrow, and a distinct recollection of every phase of the drama that followed surged through his brain.

Then he would quickly thrust away the hideous nightmare. Ought he not to bless the cruel experience as a divine purpose? Had it not led him to the Healer of all wounds, to the one Comforter of earthly sorrows? Unjustly accused, despised of men, he had remembered the first aspirations of an orphan boy reared by priests, and, profoundly attracted towards the joys of the holy priesthood, he had consecrated himself to God.

Now all the revolt that had once filled his heart had forever disappeared. He excepted no man in the prayers he offered up to God, not even that unknown, whose name had remained a mystery to him, that unpunished wrong-doer who had not hesitated to doom him to dishonor. He was happy, asking nothing beyond the gentle pleasures of his calling except a bit of land to till and some roses to cultivate.

The garden gate opened, giving entrance to a miserably clad peasant, who stopped, his eyes full of entreaty, a few feet away. Immediately the Abbé set down his sprinkling-pot.

"Ah, it is you, my poor Charbonneau," he said, kindly. "Yes, Pauline has told me everything. I went to the château this morning, my friend, but Monsieur Minoussier was not at home. I shall go again."

A silence followed. Charbonneau fumbled his hat with his calloused hand, scuffing the gravel underfoot. The Abbé continued, with extreme kindness:

"But why will you poach on the property of Monsieur Minoussier? It's a bad business, the seriousness of which you don't seem to understand. It's only one way of stealing."

Charbonneau's head dropped still lower as he tried to explain:

"I don't intend to steal, Monsieur Curé. I wouldn't go after the Mayor's game if I only had a little more money or a little work."

Then, changing his mood, he shook his fist towards heaven.

"Curses on the luck!" he exclaimed, defiantly. "Why did Pauline sew my name in my cap? That's what told on me. I have good legs; no one could have laid hands on me. But just as I was getting away a branch caught my cap, and that gave them

the best of proofs against me. That stupid Pauline!"

"She thought she was doing the right thing, my friend," replied Abbé Cyrille in a paternal tone, "and she is an excellent wife; you know that very well."

Charbonneau's manner softened. "Yes, she's a good wife, and takes good care of her children. And it's all wrong, I know; but, you see, if I didn't love them all so much I wouldn't be drawn into trouble so easily. I tried to say as much to the Mayor, but he has no ears for poor people."

"Did you show him a real repentance and promise that you would not do it again?"

"Bah! promises don't count with such as he is. I said to him, 'Monsieur Mayor, I am a good man at heart, and, if you will let me off, I will never again poach on your property.' Then he began to laugh with that silent, sneering laugh of his that gives you gooseflesh. He said: 'Père Charbonneau, you are wasting your breath; I detest whining. I have no grudge against you for poaching in my woods; you take your property where you can find it. As for me, I defend mine, and, as I have caught you this time, I intend to profit by it. You may or may not be a good man; I won't dispute that. Success doesn't come necessarily to the good, who are often stupid, but to the clever, who are often rogues. If I were your friend and were giving you good advice, I shouldn't say, 'Don't poach any more, it's wrong,' but rather, 'Don't lose your cap, it's careless.' And with that, let's have done!'"

Instinctively the good priest had clasped his hands as he listened to Charbonneau's story without interrupting.

"Then, Monsieur Curé, I saw there was nothing more for me to do, and I thought, if there is any one who can do anything with this tiger—not on my account; no, indeed, but because of the good wife and the little ones—it is Monsieur Curé. Beast that he is towards the poor, he esteems you, and it's well for him that he does. It's just this respect that lets us still think that he might have a soul, like the rest of us."

A smile flitted over the lips of the listener. He had had only business relations with the Mayor of Fontanettes; but it had been impossible for him not to be struck by the deference always shown him by that functionary, who frankly detested priests.

Indeed, on one occasion, on taking leave

of him, the Mayor had extended his hand and had said in a brusque yet cordial tone :

"Monsieur, I know very well that saints do not exist ; but every one tells me you are as good as a saint, and I believe you to be quite capable of inventing them. And, as I am quite sure that you take an interest in my affairs up above, permit me to take an interest in yours here below to the extent of granting any favor you may ask of me."

Touched by the remark, the Abbé had replied : "I thank you for your consideration, Monsieur Mayor. You are right about my taking an interest in the affairs of your soul. I pray for you every morning and night."

The memory of this little incident came to the Abbé's mind now. Amicably patting the peasant on the shoulder, he said :

"Certainly, my boy, the Mayor has a soul, just as you and I have. Rest assured that God does not forget it, any more than he authorizes us to forget it. And who can know his designs upon this soul whose existence you are so willing to deny ? St. Paul was only a Pharisee at first. In the meantime, my good fellow, I am going to use, for the first time and to the best of my ability, the influence that you fancy I possess with Monsieur Minoussier. Sleep soundly, and don't scold Pauline. Ask her, on the contrary, to sew your name in your new cap. That will teach you to lose it where it might be found without any harm. Somewhere I have read a saying like this : 'If you don't want any one to know it, don't do it.' How true that is ! Even though men do not see us, my son, God sees us—and that is much more serious."

Charbonneau now took his leave, and as his footsteps died away on the highway Abbé Cyrille again took up his sprinkling-can ; but it was decreed that the roses of the parsonage were not to be permitted to drink in peace this beautiful evening. A dull rumbling was heard, and soon a carriage drew up before the little gate. It was the victoria of M. Leon Minoussier, Mayor of Fontanettes. A man already gray, but still robust, tall, proud, correct, even elegant, alighted and respectfully bared his head on entering the garden.

"Good-evening, Monsieur Curé," he said, extending his hand with a smile. "They told me you climbed up to the château this morning, and, as your visit permits me to hope that I may be able to render you a service, I have hastened down to save you the fatigue of a second trip."

Quite overjoyed on Charbonneau's account at this good humor and friendliness, the Curé led the way into his study. This was a small room, scantily furnished. A large ivory crucifix on the wall seemed to protect the narrow cot, and here and there flowers bloomed in earthen jars, giving quite a festive air to the dark, wainscoted walls.

When the Mayor was comfortably settled in the only armchair, the Abbé hastened bravely to the attack.

"Monsieur, I am the more grateful for your kindness in that I have a great favor to ask of you. I have just seen Charbonneau, who has deeply offended you, and who—"

In a flash the Mayor's face clouded. With a brusque gesture he cut short the phrase just begun.

"Do not finish, I beg of you," he exclaimed. "I came here with the sincere desire to please you, Monsieur Curé. But even if that man up there himself," pointing irreverently to the crucifix in the alcove, "were to come to life and make the request that is in your mind, my answer would not vary by a single word. Charbonneau has been robbing me long enough. I have repeatedly warned him to look out for himself. Now I have caught him in the very act ; so much the worse for him !"

Disconcerted and wounded to the depths of his being by the scornful term applied to his beloved Saviour, Abbé Cyrille nevertheless restrained himself, and replied, very gently :

"I know quite as well as you, Monsieur Mayor, that Charbonneau is guilty. I have rebuked him for his deeds, and he has promised me that he will respect your property in the future. And then, consider that he is poor, more tempted perhaps than another, and that he has a wife and two children—"

At these words the Mayor laughed with that silent mirth that had so repelled Charbonneau.

"Come, Monsieur Curé," he said, "that song doesn't sound well in your mouth. How well I know it ! 'The wife and children !' Unless it's a blind mother, a feeble father, and all the rest of it ! No. I am too old a rabbit ; I can't be caught that way."

As the Curé, completely discomfited this time, remained silent, Minoussier settled himself still more comfortably, and continued, with a courtesy wherein was perceptible a touch of chill irony :

"Disinterested as you are in worldly matters, Monsieur, you cannot have failed to

hear of a man named Charles Darwin, and of a book entitled 'The Origin of Species.' I do not flatter myself on being a scholar, still less a philosopher, and I will confess that of all the balderdash of the English physiologist I have retained but one formula ; but that one, applied to the needs of practical life, is worth a fortune. It is, 'Kill me or I will exterminate you,' or words to that effect. That is my motto. Teach it to Charbonneau, who will perhaps profit by it. As for me, you see that, so far at least, no one has killed me."

This cynicism caused the poor Curé not only deep pain, but also a sort of embarrassment, and, as a little while before at the words of Charbonneau, his thin white hands clasped in silent prayer.

"Ah, Monsieur Mayor," he cried, "do not pride yourself on accepting a principle so cruel, so utterly inhuman! I could wager that you are better than you yourself believe—and—"

"You would be wrong," replied the Mayor with the same calm politeness and veiled sarcasm. "For, if in this matter of Charbonneau I am acting only within my province, it might be possible that I would apply my Darwinian theory to more debatable cases. Now," he continued, drawing his chair still closer to the table upon which Abbé Cyrille was leaning, "do not ask me why, but you have always inspired me with the greatest confidence—a confidence so great that if you were to say to me, an unbeliever, as you know, 'I give you my word that God exists,' I should almost be tempted to believe you. But we will leave that. What I want to say is that I desire to give you a proof of my respect by making to you, not a confession, for that would imply the idea of a repentance which I do not feel, but a confidence which will enlighten you as to my position."

The Curé shook his head with an air of dissent.

"Really, Monsieur," he replied, with lack of interest, "all this talk seems idle, and I do not see—"

"I shall be brief," interrupted the Mayor in his peremptory tone. Then, drawing his chair still farther forward, he began his story.

"When I was a very young man, I worked for a small salary in a commission house. I was so poor that when I decided to try my luck in Paris I was obliged to leave my wife and two children with my mother-in-law at her home in the country until better times should

permit me to take them with me. Work had no terrors for me. I felt myself quite capable of making a fortune. It would be only a matter of time.

"One day—it would take too long to explain the circumstances—I found myself in a position where I simply had to have a small sum of money at any price. I was desperate, and fate came to tempt me. On entering an office where my business seldom called me I found myself alone presumably, and in an open drawer lay the exact sum I needed. Without hesitating a moment, I took the money."

Here the Mayor paused, almost suffocated, in spite of himself, at the memory of his theft. He did not notice that the Curé had grown very pale and was staring at him searchingly.

"I said that I believed myself to be alone," he resumed, collecting himself. "That was not quite true. Hidden in the shadow of a curtain—it was late in the afternoon—there was a person, a solicitor doubtless, who was awaiting my employer, and he must have seen me. He did not make his presence known, however, so apparently no one had seen me enter or leave the place.

"At the close of the day's business they searched in vain for the missing money. I was not suspected for a moment. The unknown person, whose pallor and agitation had been noticed by the director, was held responsible for the theft. He had no proof of his innocence, but I think he must have defended himself very clumsily. At any rate, if the director had not been a man who dreaded any scandal that might work injury to his business, the poor fellow would have had to go to prison. As it was, he was made to feel all the contempt his act inspired, and was warned to leave Paris. I was saved.

"Twenty-five years have passed since then, and I give you my word that in all that time I have never committed an act for which I could blush. I am now rich, and long ago I returned to the bank anonymously the amount I took. I am universally respected, if not beloved. I am Mayor, and I hope to be chosen Deputy at the next election. Where would I be to-day if the man who was accused in my stead, and whom I refrained from justifying, had had the slightest advantage over me? Fate did not give him the chance to ruin me, and I ruined him. I never knew what became of the poor unfortunate," concluded the Mayor.

As he talked he had not noticed the varied expressions that flitted over the face of his

listener. Looking closely now, he was struck by the look of majesty and peace on the priest's countenance. For a moment he felt a sort of remorse for having soiled the whiteness of a pure soul by his personal souvenirs. Mingled with this was a touch of malice at arousing horror in an inexperienced man who had voluntarily fled from the sins and struggles of a worldly life.

The Abbé sat for a time with his eyes fixed on the floor, across which streamed the rays of the late afternoon sun. Suddenly he threw up his head and, in a voice full of suppressed emotion, he said :

"Monsieur, the duties of a priest bring him into close contact with many people and an intimate knowledge of many things. It happens that I am acquainted with the unfortunate man whose fate has remained unknown to you, and his story coincides with yours in almost every respect. One detail, however, you have omitted to relate. When, in your frightened haste, you took out your pocketbook to thrust the bills into them, a paper fell to the floor without your notice. It was a half-sheet, the end of a letter.

"When he was left alone, the man who had been the mute witness of your—weakness—picked up the paper and had the indiscretion to read it. It was from your wife. The document was placed in my hands, and, since the occasion now presents itself, I will return it to you."

Slowly, painfully, as if the years had suddenly become heavy to bear, the Abbé rose, went to his desk, opened a drawer, and took from it a paper upon which could still be deciphered a faded feminine scrawl. He handed this to the Mayor.

"Good-by, my dear husband," it ran, "or rather *au revoir*. Ah, how I long for your embrace! You see, dear, I am so afraid of that great Paris, of all that I know about it and all that I do not know. I hope you will make some friend, some one who will protect and comfort you. Every night the children kneel beside me and we pray God to watch over you and bring us all together before many days. We all love you dearly.

"Your wife,
"GABRIELLE."

The Mayor's hands trembled so violently that the paper fell to the floor, while his eyes, full of bewilderment, questioned the priest.

Leaning heavily on the table, his face as white as his locks, his frail form appearing almost transparent, the Abbé looked squarely into the face of his visitor. Then, averting his gaze, he said :

"Monsieur, the poor solicitor who was condemned in your place had never read 'The Origin of Species,' and was quite ignorant of the teachings of Darwin. But he had read the holy Gospel, and he knew that a certain Jesus of Nazareth had said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Moreover, this person was very young and doubtless very stupid, for, instead of ridiculing this wife's letter breathing her great love for her husband and children, he was moved almost to tears at it. He said to himself, 'Who knows? Perhaps this man is not so bad as one might think. Circumstances might have tempted him too strongly. Certain it is, his wife is good and pious; his children are small, and they all pray for the absent father. With this letter, which establishes the identity of the guilty party, it would be easy for me to free myself from all false charges; but then I should send this husband and father to prison, and the wife and babies would weep and mourn.' The poor foolish boy thought all these things, and so he refrained from showing the letter. Thus, without your knowledge, you found the friend your wife had prayed for to protect you. You were saved by a prayer—you who deny God. The simpleton was accused and treated with great indignity. He insisted upon his innocence, but there could be drawn from him no word of defense, no sign that would indicate the guilty party. He remembered that his Christ had died in ignominy and shame, bearing the sins of all humanity, and he thought that a son of Adam might well find the strength to bear the offense of only one of his brothers and live. He suffered much, but God comforted him and sent him peace. He afterwards became a priest."

As he listened the Mayor's head drooped, and gradually his whole body followed, until he seemed bent almost double in his supreme humility.

"Forgive me," he murmured in choking tones. Seizing the priest's thin hand, he stammered :

"I am not worthy of your forgiveness. I must earn it by the good I shall henceforth do, by charity—"

He paused, and his robust chest heaved with sobs.

"I am not a believer," he said, as soon as he had mastered his emotion; "but I venerate a faith that has made you what you are. Monsieur, will you pray for me?"

"Blessings upon you, my brother, for that

request," replied the Abbé, gently. "If I have recalled the past, it is to bring you closer to our heavenly Father. May he send you light, and forgive you as I forgave you long ago!"

Then he knelt down, and in tender, pleading accents he prayed to God, the friend of sinners, who had comforted the dying thief and absolved the woman of sin.

The sun had disappeared behind the hill and the first stars twinkled in the dark-blue sky before the Abbé could resume his task.

He was very pale and he trembled with emotion, but he was happy. Noticing a rose of marvelous whiteness that had bloomed that very afternoon on a sickly bush, he reflected that certain souls, like certain flowers, burst into bloom at the moment when one least expects it.

In his gratitude the good priest bent over to breathe the odor of the new rose, and two great tears dropped on its petals.

I fancy that in days of old the whole bush would have suddenly become a mass of blossoms under those tears of love and pity.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Pilgrims came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, as every one knows. The Spectator is glad that he did not have to come that way. As a descendant of nine of the Mayflower band, he attended the latest triennial Council of the descendants, held in the old First Church, and he found modern voyaging in a touring car along the winding, elm-shaded roads in the golden autumn air far pleasanter than the historic and original voyage must have been. The Pilgrims were a progressive set; they would have been as quick as Kansas farmers to use automobiles, the Spectator is sure, and their descendants showed the same up-and-coming spirit.



Nobody knows how many Mayflower descendants there really are in America. John Alden, the Spectator has heard, has five thousand and more, and Governor Bradford's descendants are said to reach almost ten thousand. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the lines of Mayflower descent spread over America like a cobweb. The official societies gather in their thousands—the Alden Kindred, the Howland Descendants, the Pilgrim Society, the Mayflower Descendants, and so on—and yet a greater multitude stretches outside of all these again, covering the whole continent until, as Daniel Webster said at Plymouth in 1820, "it loses itself in the murmur of Pacific seas."



The triennial Council was a pleasant and friendly affair, as became a family gathering. The church in which it met is midway between Burial Hill and Plymouth Rock, and is full of reminders of the Pilgrims. From the pew in which the Spectator sat he faced the triple window, with the figure of John Robinson in his preacher's gown on the one side, Myles Stand-

ish clad in armor on the other, and between the two the signing of the Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, where not only the Pilgrim fathers but the Pilgrim mothers are given a place, as befits the historic value of the latter in the little colony. Close beside the Spectator on one side sat a descendant of Mary Chilton, the first woman to step ashore on Plymouth Rock. In the pew behind was Myles Standish, of the ninth or tenth generation in lineal descent. The pulpit was draped in the American flag, and on the arched doorway to one side was the classic saying of Robinson: "The Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word."



The roll, called by States, showed Massachusetts ahead, with 733 members; New York, with 693, next; and at the end, Washington, just starting with twenty. The names of the officers had an old-time turn—Captain-General (Myles Standish's own title), Elder-General, Governor-General, Deputy-General, and so on. To the student of old times, however, those old times continually repeat themselves in the new, and in one of the speeches following the roll call it was shown how, in "the first state paper of America," the Compact, signed by every man of the forty-one, the Pilgrims put themselves on record for the square deal, by resolving "to enact such just and equal law" as should be the foundation of the colony. Among all political documents on record, this one stands out as beginning "In the name of God" and binding each and all in equal authority by the word "together."



Not long before the triennial Council, on the other side of the Atlantic, England had celebrated the setting sail of the Mayflower from Southampton on August 15, 1620, by laying the corner-stone of a memorial to the Pilgrims close

by the spot where they embarked, and a graphic account of this was given by one descendant who had been there and taken part in the ceremonies. Some of the ancient walls, with their battlements, still remain as on the day the brave little band left Southampton, and the old West Gate under which they passed to their ships is exactly as it stood when that "right hopeful young man, John Alden," threw down his cooper's hammer and doffed his apron to join the daring voyagers for the New World. Here at Southampton, too, the departing Pilgrims received that farewell letter from John Robinson which contained in its counsels the essence of the future Compact signed in the cabin in Provincetown harbor three months later.

The tercentenary of the Plymouth landing, in 1920, is looming ahead, and by one consent the subject of commemoration was taken up. The usual trouble with such a wide-spreading historical celebration is that all sorts of memorials are left scattered by its receding flood to disfigure the vicinity. In this case the one thing needed is a large and simple one. Plymouth Rock is at present a truly saddening sight. On either side of it are coal wharfs and excursion piers, moldering and dingy. Above and behind it, on the slope of Cole's Hill, are excursion hotels and restaurants. It has a canopy over it like an ancient soda-water fountain. The gates in the iron railing that is supposed to protect it are open, so that trippers can have their photographs taken in the act of standing on the Rock, and couples are occasionally married on its summit. One eloquent New Yorker has urged lately that it should be removed from "the trespass, the neglect, the profanation, which has been its share during long years," and transported bodily to Riverside Drive, "where twentieth-century patriotism perpetuates that of the seventeenth and eighteenth." One wonders whether the Pilgrims would really feel akin to Tammany or would prefer the coal-sheds!

They will not be left, however, to this dilemma, for 1920 is to show a restored Pilgrim landing-place. The Pilgrim Society and the Colonial Dames both had representatives at the Council in the interest of this restoration. It is proposed to buy and tear down the disfiguring sheds, remove the unsightly wharfs, and allow the tide to ebb and flow upon an open shore, lapping almost to the Rock, though by the changes of the centuries it is now lifted above high-water mark. Cole's Hill is likewise to be cleared, and on its top the order of Red Men have volunteered to place a fine statue of Massasoit, the historic chieftain, looking down upon the sands as he did when he first greeted the adventurous voyagers. The Spectator, strolling

down to the Rock to see its present indignities and its future possibilities, was struck by both. A graceful portico or peristyle is proposed over the historic pebble, but the whole effect will be simplicity itself—and, like all exquisite simplicity, will probably be extremely expensive. Still, if the coal-sheds soar too high, is there not a law of eminent domain—and can any domain be more eminent than that held in the American mind by the first settlers of New England?

From the Rock the Spectator's steps wandered to the Howland house, built by Jabez Howland, the son of John, and described as "the last house left standing to-day in Plymouth where the feet of the Mayflower pilgrims have trod." It is frankly tumbledown, and is elbowed off its own lot, so to speak, by a rickety livery stable. The Howland descendants are trying to buy and restore it, and it is to be hoped they will, not because it is beautiful, but because of its very bareness and sturdy plainness. The Mayflower band were simple folk, no matter how aristocratic their posterity may feel at times, and it is a good thing to see just how primitive their dwellings and their lives were. The broad planks of the floors in Jabez Howland's house were hewn by hand, and the iron latches were hand-wrought, too. There was no cellar—only foundation stones at the corners to raise the timbers from the ground. The ceilings were low, the rooms cramped; but what mighty men and women came forth from these plain houses of Plymouth to rear the fabric of a new nation!

"Why not run down and see the Cape Cod Canal while we're here?" suggested another delegate to the Council to the Spectator after luncheon; and, basely deserting the afternoon session, which was wrestling with new and amended National by-laws, the two set out in the touring car, swinging along the innumerable wood-road curves, mile after mile, down to Sandwich. Purple asters fringed the roadsides and the spicy scent of the pines breathed in the sunny air. A wide new boulevard was in process of building, and every now and then the road came in sight of it and then curved away again into thicket and glade. The land must have been fine hunting-ground indeed when Massasoit and his allies roamed here. Wild turkeys, deer, quail, wild pigeon—the Pilgrims had their compensations, though how they ever bagged anything with a matchlock the Spectator cannot see. The Indian arrows must have whistled merrily through the greenwood in comparison.

Sandwich clusters peacefully along one side of the half-finished canal. Two years has the big ditch been advancing across the seven miles

of land that used to join the Cape at this point to the rest of Massachusetts. Now only four miles remain, and the worst of the work is over. In another year the canal will be completed, and Sandwich will be a metropolitan Corinth—at least so the present inhabitants are peacefully sure. “Stands to reason, Sandwich hez to be a big place,” said one white-haired citizen, leaning reposefully on the bridge rail. “No more wrecks round the Cape; everythin’ movin’ through here safe’s a church, ‘nd all stoppin’ at

Sandwich.” Tragedy retiring—prosperity advancing, wreathed in smiles and dividends; no wonder the inhabitants congregate around the bridge and contemplate the canal workers with sustained satisfaction! By this quiet flank movement Cape Cod is forever conquered, and its storms can no longer take toll of human lives. No stern and rock-bound coast has any chance against man in the end. The Pilgrims threw down their gauntlet to the wilderness, and look at it now!

THE NEW BOOKS

Homer Martin, Poet in Landscape. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Privately Printed, Frederick Fairchild Sherman, New York. \$12.50.

“It is said that he coined the phrase ‘the Hudson River School.’ If so, it would have been only half in jest, for he was introspective enough to realize that he himself was the last and the greatest expression of that discredited movement.” So writes the art critic Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., of the late Homer Martin. The volume before us has a double merit. It is a story of real life. The descriptions of Martin’s friends of his early years—that period which opened in frank emulation of Kensett and ended under the leading of Corot—is graphically done, especially so the account of the struggle with constant poverty. But the interest in the book as a biography yields to that in it as a criticism. We are particularly interested in reading that what Martin “drew from Corot was chiefly an increased sense for elegance and clarity,” that Martin usually brought to the observation and interpretation of nature a “definite and poetical mood full of that noble and measured melancholy which in poetry we call elegiac, . . . the mood proper to a lover of Keats and Beethoven,” and that what Martin sought in nature was “solace, suspension of the will, expansion of the contemplative self: the mood I have in passing called Virgilian.” Mr. Mather says that his grudge against those who decry Homer Martin is that they do not discuss his sentiment, but assert some weakness in his diction. The critic adds:

He splits his pictorial infinitives or ends his phrases feebly with a preposition, or otherwise breaks the rules. Whose rules? I admire those who know so exactly how a vision they themselves have never entertained, save through what they call a defective form of expression, should be conveyed. Yet there is a professional realm in which these technical matters are subject of legitimate interest. Only we should keep in mind that such considerations are subaesthetic and quite secondary. Taking the work of Homer Martin on this lower plane, it is obvious that he is not, strictly speaking, a great painter. The zest, variety, swiftness, and deftness of the consummate practitioner he has fitfully, and on the whole rarely. An impeccable sense of mass and close-knit atmospheric balance was not his. Tryon, who in some respects may

be regarded as his closest living affinity, is more skillful and curious in these matters. . . . Yet it is precisely the twilight, and occasionally unsure, vision of Homer Martin that we value. And the unsureness in no wise affects what he has to say to us. Beautiful pattern, vibrating color, distinguished mood—all these things are precisely and fully conveyed. What matters it, while the “Harp of the Winds” balances rhythmically in pellucid air and shimmering water, that perhaps you couldn’t walk on the nearer strand? The fact that you conceive the feat shows that you have missed the picture entirely.

To Mr. Mather, Homer Martin was an appealing type of the minor artist, “the kind one loves better than those of accredited greatness.” For variety, copiousness, and vitality, Inness, Winslow Homer, and perhaps Wyant are his superiors, this critic admits; “any of these comes nearer to meeting the usual notion of the great painter, and yet I would sacrifice all their work if I might keep the ‘Manor House’ or ‘Adirondack Scenery.’” Not because I underrate these large and genial personalities just mentioned, but because I believe that the future is more likely to duplicate approximately their type of vision and degree of skill.”

Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York. \$2.50.

It will surprise many readers to find so small a volume large enough to contain all of Dr. Drummond’s poetry; and the book is to be commended because of its moderation of size and its general modesty of demeanor. The writer, who more than any one else has caught the spirit and interpreted the experience of the Canadian habitat, did not begin writing until comparatively late in his life; and his audience is probably limited to those who are willing to face what may be called the intellectual inconvenience of a dialect. But it happens to be a very taking dialect, and one that is easily surmounted, and it is well worth surmounting because Dr. Drummond has enriched it with very genuine and often moving poetry. His little book is an original contribution to literature. It has the vital quality which belongs to the poetry which deals with the real feelings of real people; and no one can read it without a deep sense of the loss which poetry on this side of

the ocean sustained by the early death of this warm-hearted and greatly loved man. The volume contains an introduction in French, an appreciation of Dr. Drummond by Mr. Munro, and an appreciation in verse by Dr. Mitchell.

The United States Catalogue. Books in Print January 1, 1912. Edited by Marion E. Potter. The H. W. Wilson Company, Minneapolis. \$36.

Indispensable for librarian, publisher, and book reviewer is this mammoth volume, while its usefulness in other directions is manifold. Its appearance has long been impatiently waited by those who have occasion to search for titles, authors, publishers' names, or prices of books, or who desire to see the grouping of book titles under one subject. To do any of these things it has been necessary to consult two large but already semi-antiquated volumes, one dated 1902, the other covering the years 1902 to 1905 inclusive, and then follow out the search through six single volumes for the years 1906 to 1911. Now, although the book is necessarily ponderous, we have the whole subject-matter before us under one alphabet. The work involved must have been tremendous; 150,000 American books in print January 1, 1912, and all American books published since January 1, 1905, whether in print or not, are here described through 450,000 entries under one alphabet, with ample cross-references; scientific classification, full division by subjects, excellent bibliographies under such titles as, for instance, Children's Literature (in itself a most valuable and, we believe, novel feature), all in 2,837 three-column quarto pages. This is now the only cumulated record of American books, and it will be kept up to date by new and supplementary cumulative lists from month to month and year to year. We congratulate editor and publishers on the conclusion of their gigantic task, the admirable physical appearance of the work, and the scientific way in which the needs of those who use it have been met.

Left in Charge. By Victor L. Whitechurch. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.20.

Mr. Whitechurch's "Canon in Residence" made his reputation. It was a pleasant tale of English village and clerical life, and it also had invention and incidents of a surprising as well as humorous turn. This description is exactly true also of the present story. It tells what took place when the worthy but conservative vicar of a sleepy little Devonshire village was obliged to leave his parishioners in charge of an athletic and unconventional curate from Australia, who, moreover, had a singular past personal history. A delightful poacher is one of several well-drawn minor characters.

Lost World (The). By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. \$1.25.

The author of "Sherlock Holmes," and of what some of the readers of pre-Sherlockian days liked even better, "Micah Clarke" and "The White Company," here tries his hand at cre-

ating a bit of South American country cut off by nature from the rest of the physical world, where the animal life of the Jurassic period still survives, and the reader may revel in their gigantesque and horrifying forms and their jaw-breaking names. Into this lair of the prehistoric breaks a quartet of queerly assorted Englishmen—two scientists, an explorer, and a reporter. Their adventures are calculated to make the hair of the timid stand on end. The book has a good deal of fun, incidentally, and it has also animation and dash.

Miss Philura's Wedding Gown. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.

How Miss Philura, whose earlier experiences have entertained and instructed many thousands of readers, married at last, and more especially how she reached out by faith into the Encircling Good for her white wedding gown, and how, moreover, she helped make two younger lovers happy—all this is told with cheerfulness and good will in this pretty little volume, suited for a holiday gift to just the right person.

Lifted Masks. By Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.

Capital short stories, some with a serious suggestion toward good citizenship and square dealing, almost all with a quiet but effective humor, and a few (such as that of the elevator boy who thwarted the lobbyist) heartily funny.

Marshal (The). By Mary R. S. Andrews. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.35.

A tale of France and of a peasant boy who was made a *chevalier*, when a little child, by the great Napoleon, half as a jest, and with the hope expressed that the boy might sometime do a great thing for his country and even become, perhaps, a Marshal of France. How the boy's life upheld this prediction makes a romance of real charm and with plenty of incident. Young readers especially will enjoy the tale.

Pan's Garden. By Algernon Blackwood. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

The reader who should notice the sub-title of this book, "A Volume of Nature Stories," would be likely to find that his conception of the word "nature" needed expansion. In these tales, as elsewhere, Mr. Blackwood delights to cross and recross the line that separates the natural from the supernatural. "The Man Whom the Trees Loved," for instance, is an exquisitely wrought and truly imaginative conception. One reads it as if it were a poem by Keats rather than a "nature story." So with most of the others; the author plunges with boldness, yet with consistent invention, into the realm of the fantastic, and the pictures thence evoked may well long haunt his reader's memory.

Romance of Billy-Goat Hill (A). By Alice Hegan Rice. The Century Company, New York. \$1.25.

Mrs. Wiggs's philosophy, if not her hopeful spirit, reappears in Myrtella, the faithful, sharp-

tongued serving-woman in Mrs. Rice's latest story. The romance is of the pure, old-fashioned sort, and, although tragedy enters in, it is relieved by much nobility and sweetness. The many humorous scenes and bright sayings keep the book upon a high level of interest. The pretty, humorous tale will find a warm welcome among those who like everything to end happily.

Out of the Wreck I Rise. By Beatrice Harraden. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.35.

A unique character in fiction is that of Tamar Scott, the Jewess, who dealt in curios and faked antique jewelry "for the Americans" in London. She and Nell Silberthwaite, the founder of the Society for the Abolition of Sweated Labor, are the two women to whom Adrian Steele turned when he found himself facing the humiliation of discovery as an embezzler. He was a fanciful man of small stature and of temperament, who, as Tamar said (though she loved him), "never could run straight." This situation Beatrice Harraden handles with all her accustomed skill, yet she only succeeds in making us wonder why she did it. These three character studies and the other one, apart, yet influencing them, young Richard Forest, the mystical English rector of a desolate parish, are most cleverly done. But if Robert Browning, in the motto chosen for the book,

"Out of the Wreck I Rise—past
Zeus, to the Potency o'er him,"

meant, as we are asked to suppose, that, pursued by "temperament" (a comfortable word), one might escape by death, chosen deliberately, from the consequences of dishonorable dealing with friends, and be justified, then our understanding of Browning is wrong.

Jingo (The). By George R. Chester. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.35.

The fun of this lively tale is like that of Mark Twain's "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court." A clever, resourceful, capable American is shipwrecked in Isola, a kingdom cut off from the rest of the world, civilized in its own way, but centuries behind as regards invention and finance. Jimmy Smith, aided by a pocket handbook, teaches the people how to make telephones, mirrors, gunpowder, face-powder, how to use the latest American slang, how to manipulate stocks, and how to play baseball. To all this they eagerly incline, and Isola ends up by becoming an American dependency after Jimmy has married the King's sister. How did he communicate with America? Why, by air-ship, of course; Jimmy could make *anything* in three weeks. The story is jolly and amusing.

Olympian (The). By James Oppenheim. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.35.

Kirby Trask, in the words of the author, emerged out of the millions and finally dominated. His was the power of brain and money. First

drudgery, then a precarious kind of business success, and in time the adventurer became an Olympian. The story is well told in colloquial, every-day talk, with some underlying apprehension of the spiritual significance of life. This, however, comes within Kirby's horizon very occasionally, and only through the inevitable facts of birth and death. The various scenes in the tale which represent the drudgery of ordinary men and the empty days of ordinary women are marvelously graphic.

Voice (The). By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.

There cannot be too many Old Chester tales; and this one of Dr. Lavendar, the wise old minister, and of a younger minister who was unwise because he knew too much, and of a charming, simple girl and of her father who was an Irvingite and ever listened for the Voices—this story, we say, with its tragic-comic catastrophe and love disclosure, is one of the very best of all Old Chester tales.

Concerning Sally. By William John Hopkins. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.35.

At first it seems a pity to waste such rare and elusive powers as are possessed by the delineator of Sally upon such a theme. "The Clammer" never could have met Sally's horrible father, the gambling professor. Yet the further we read the more attracted we are, and, in spite of uneasy suspicions of De Morgan's influence, we accept Sally and acknowledge her potency. If only she did not chuckle continually—really, that is too bad. Her admirable management of everybody within her reach is truly De Morganesque, as are also the witty reflections and affectations of ignorance and detachment cultivated by the author.

Woman of It (The). By Mark Lee Luther. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

Realistic pictures of Washington officialdom as seen by the representatives of our Government and their families, transplanted from provincial surroundings, serve as a background for the extremely human people in this story. The common sense of Olive Braisted, originator and beneficiary of her husband's well-known "Relish," did not prevent her family from follies and pretense, but, in the end, triumphed over a snobbish son and daughter and a vain, misguided man.

Son of Columbus (The). By Molly Elliot Seawell. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

An especially interesting book for American boys is the story of Diego, the son of Columbus, during the anxious months when the fate of the bold scheme presented to the Spanish sovereigns hung in the balance, and the discovery of America might not have been in 1492. The faith of Diego and his companion, Don Felipe, never wavered, and when the noble

Admiral returned in triumph they welcomed him with true boyish enthusiasm.

Dickens's Children: Ten Drawings by Jessie Willcox Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.

It may be said with certainty that of all the many attempts to present the children of Dickens's imagination to the eye, none have been more successful than these ten drawings. The types indicated by the early illustrators of Dickens have been so far followed that there is no feeling of strangeness in seeing these new pictures. Yet each child is individualized and its character comes out strikingly and sometimes beautifully. The picture of Jenny Wren and that of Little Em'ly, for instance, are charming in the fullest sense.

New China (The). By Henri Borel. Translated from the Dutch by C. Thieme. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.50.

Most books on China have to do with figures and statistics, with linguistic lore and political economy. As Dr. Borel says, the Chinese have always been abused as inferior—as dirty, cowardly, cruel, and particularly as materialistic and egotistical. Not only merchants and diplomats, but missionaries and educators alike have often mistaken the external for the internal; they have described the Chinese as a nation of heathen, too much debased to feel any devotion to higher ideals. The author endeavors to show that the Chinese represent something else, and that there is in China itself a beauty—æsthetic and spiritual—of which we little dream. Instead of describing the upper reaches of the Yangtse River or the broad expanses of the Grand Canal, he takes what is to many the ugliest spot in all China, namely, Peking, the imperial capital itself. He finds beauty there, and he finds in the people men who are thinking not so much about crops and concessions, loans and exploitations, as about a more spiritual side of life. The idea at the heart of the movement in the Far East towards higher things is, says the author, essentially spiritual and even mystical, and the reason that China in particular, with her four hundred millions of people, is moving upwards in the world's course is because in the future she is to work mightily towards the intellectual and spiritual progress of all humanity.

Grant White Shakespeare (The). 12 volumes. Pocket Edition. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$18 per set. \$1.25 per volume.

The reprint, in twelve volumes, of the plays of Shakespeare edited many years ago by Richard Grant White is eminently serviceable. Mr. White was a thoroughly equipped Shakespearean scholar. He was, moreover, a man of general learning, of an acute and penetrating critical instinct, and he had the gift of humor. Forty-five years have passed since this edition was published, and although in that period much has come to light which is of value to the

Shakespearean scholar and reader, the critical acumen and sound judgment of Mr. White have kept this edition among the standards. The text needed revision at some minor points, and the editors tell us that some changes in matters of more importance have been made. But the text remains substantially intact. The edition has gained more, perhaps, by elimination than by addition; and the editors have come to the aid of readers by an enlargement of the glossary. The revision has been made under the direction of Dr. William P. Trent, of Columbia University, an accurate and thorough scholar; of Benjamin Wells, Ph.D., with whose work in other fields thoughtful readers are familiar; and of Professor John B. Hanneman, of the University of the South, who recently died. A short sketch of Mr. White prefaces the first volume.

Crime of 1812 and its Retribution (The). By Eugène Labaume. Translated by T. Dundas Pillans. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. \$2.75.

A translation of Eugène Labaume's "The Crime of 1812 and its Retribution" is, of course, interesting historically. But it is especially and pathetically interesting because of an introduction by the late William T. Stead—perhaps the last thing he wrote. The introduction bears all the marks of Mr. Stead's vivacious and vigorous campaign in the interests of peace, and the reason why he wrote the preface is perfectly patent—to show the horrors of war. As Mr. Stead says:

The most striking chapters in the book are those which describe the ghastly catastrophe of the headlong rush of the wreck of the Grand Army across the territory which Napoleon had desolated. Like a wounded mastodon, crippled and bleeding at every pore, the once invincible army staggers blindly, madly, through the snow, intent only on escape, until at last, a mere shadow of its former self, starving, frost-bitten, despairing, it reaches safety in Prussia.

Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan. By Baroness Albert d'Anethan. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. \$1.25.

The late Baron d'Anethan was for over sixteen years Belgian Minister to Japan. In the present volume his wife, an English lady by birth, chronicles much of interest in the diplomatic life at Tokyo during those years. Her story also reveals a sympathetic and broad-minded woman.

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.

"I did not go to Panama to study engineering—which I know nothing about," says Mr. Pennell; "or social problems—which I had no time to master; or Central American politics—which we are in for; but to draw the Canal as it is." And excellent they are, these lithographs, drawn when the Canal was at just the right stage for picturesque art purposes. Excellent also for picturesqueness and sharply drawn personal impressions is Mr. Pennell's account of his visit and work. Together text and pictures make a permanently valuable as well as beautiful book.

BY THE WAY

"Vaudeville," says Mr. E. A. Woolf in the "Dramatic Mirror," "now demands that the material in a playlet must be weighted with an idea; it must be free from horseplay; it must be developed in consistent character-drawing; it must be along new lines; and, above all, it must be clean." Mr. Woolf writes thus encouragingly with the authority of one whose name last season "appeared upon more theatrical programmes than that of any other author in the United States," according to the editor of the "Mirror."

A happy idea in house construction, says "Country Life in America," is the new plan of combining conservatory and living-room. The idea has possibilities both for the elaborate mansion and the modest cottage. Ferns, flowers, easy chairs, and abundant sunlight make the conservatory living-room an apartment that radiates beauty, cheerfulness, and comfort.

Automobiles for children are the latest French novelty. These are not the toys with which the American public is familiar, but real motor vehicles with a three-quarter horse-power engine. They are so designed that they cannot exceed four miles an hour in speed, even on a down grade.

The assembling of the great fleet of war-vessels in New York Harbor recently was followed by a rush of applicants for enlistment in the navy. One day brought the largest number of such applications that has been received in a single day at any recruiting office since war time.

The steady advance of surgery in the treatment of wounds received in warfare is shown in the statistics of three wars. In the American Civil War the mortality of the wounded was 13.2 per cent; in the Franco-Prussian War, 11 per cent; in the Russo-Japanese War, 5 per cent.

Dr. Albert Weidemann, one of the German delegates to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, found one of the most agreeable features of American towns to be "the universal garden about the American dwelling and the absence of fences or hedges." The effect, he says, is very attractive; "most of the smaller towns are made to resemble parks." This praise should hearten village improvement associations everywhere to new efforts.

Gas mantles that have become black may be cleaned, a "Scientific American" note states, by sprinkling salt upon them while burning. Caution, of course, must be used in this experiment, or the experimenter will lose both salt and mantle, for the latter is a most fragile article.

Cheesecloth coverings for plants, a farmer tells us in an agricultural paper, are superior to glass, for they let the moisture through. The white shelter has a forcing effect, and also keeps out insects. Cucumbers from vines thus sheltered were gathered two weeks earlier than usual this season, and the enthusiastic experimenter is planning for large results next year through the use of these cheesecloth protectors.

The Bantu tribe in South Africa, an English writer affirms, were formerly much healthier than now. One of the reasons given for the change is a curious one. In the old times the Bantu smeared

his body liberally with grease, and wore almost no clothing. The rain made no impression on his oil-protected skin. Now the native wears cheap European clothing, and when this gets wet the wearer is soaked through, catches cold, and is liable to contract pulmonary disease.

A new American submarine boat, the F-I, has made a world's record for depth of submersion—283 feet. The vessel maintained this depth for ten minutes while traveling at a speed of six miles an hour.

A laborer in a Connecticut town recently dug up an iron pot full of "pieces of eight," or Spanish dollars of the eighteenth century. Doubtless there are many treasure-troves like this in various parts of the country, for in troubled times our ancestors liked to put their dollars in Mother Earth's safe-keeping. Now here is a chance for the psychometrists, spiritualistic fortune-tellers, etc., to show their powers; let them tell where to dig for some more of those iron pots with silver linings! It should be easy for them to get the information from the original owners of the treasure.

New York City has 750 hotels—not counting the so-called Raines Law hotels—and they are said to be able to accommodate 350,000 persons. An exchange, in recording this fact, remarks that these hotels could quarter the entire standing army of Great Britain. The illustration, while no doubt hospitable in intention, is not entirely happy. New York City lodged a British army once, and we are sure that it would much prefer to entertain our English friends as civilians.

The flea, according to a Public Health report on "Flea Destruction," resists many insecticides—formalin, phenol, mercuric chloride, sulphur; he succumbs readily, however, to a mixture of soap and water! Simple cleanliness, then, is the most potent foe of one of the most annoying disturbers of human peace.

A curious bid to bargain-hunters is found in an advertisement of one of the great department stores of New York City: "It is often possible to give better values in Kurdistans than in any other rug," says the announcement, after speaking of the Kurds as a "robber tribe," "inasmuch as the Kurds steal from the semi-wild herds of sheep a large proportion of the wool that goes to these rugs." How about the ethics of the appeal?

"Would you save the picture or the baby?" is a question that has been discussed at English dinner tables recently and even in the London "Times." The question refers to Raphael's Dresden Madonna and to the ordinary, garden variety of baby: which would you try to save in a fire? One distinguished gentleman asserts that he would save the picture, for "there is only one Dresden Madonna," while "one can get another baby any day, by adoption if not by grace." To offset this, a well-known novelist says he would save even a live kitten rather than a dead picture.

The baby would undoubtedly stand a better chance of being saved in Australia than in England, where babies are so plentiful. In Australia, where they are scarce, the Government has just voted to grant a bonus of \$25 for each child born in that empire of vast area and meager population.